

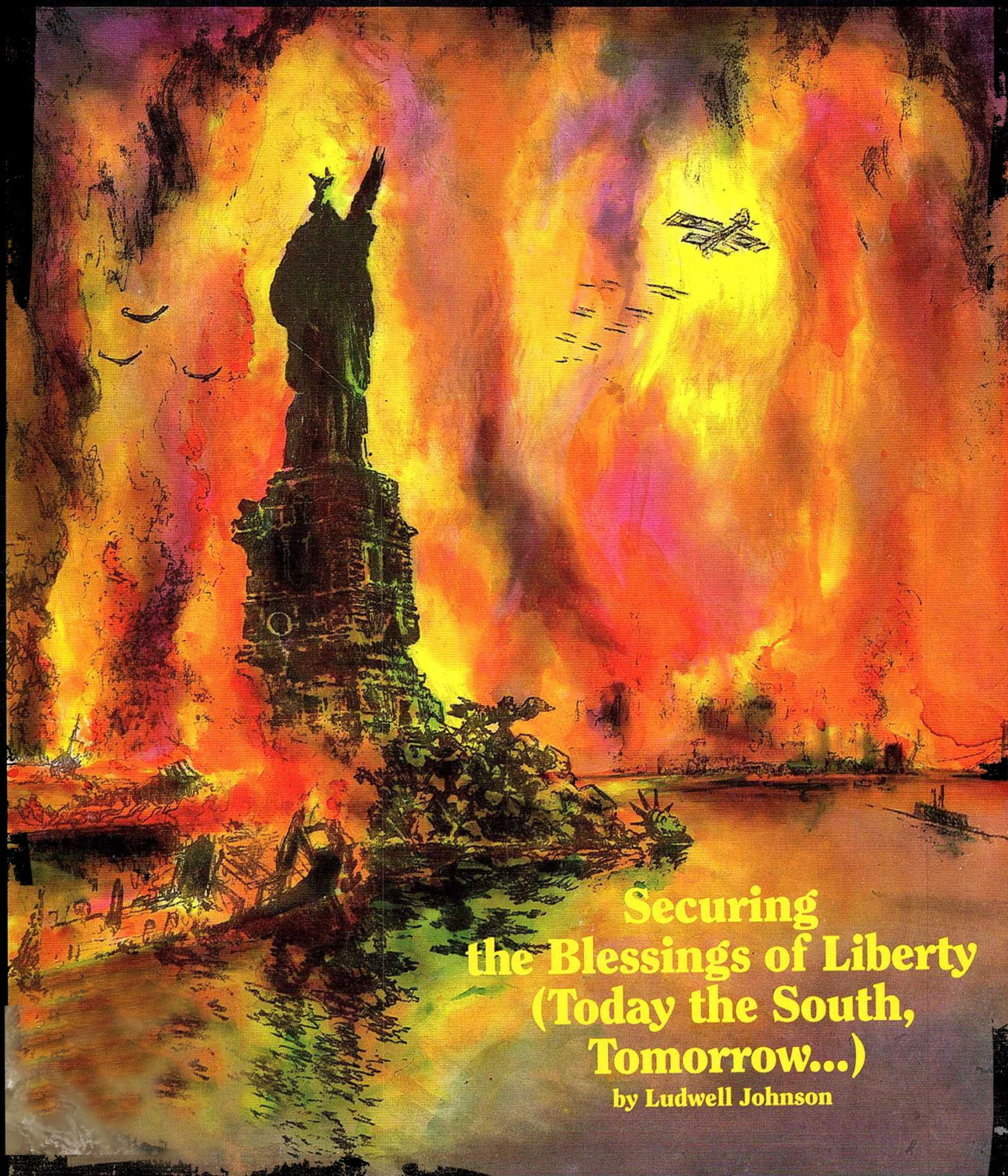
Southern

VOLUME IX

SECOND QUARTER 1989

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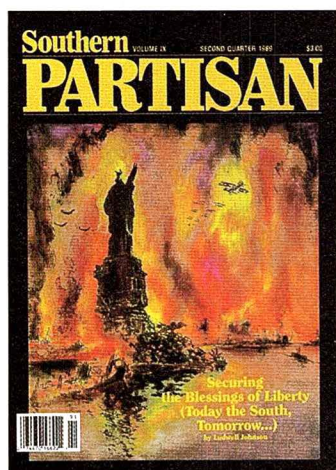


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SPECIAL NOTICE

Long time readers (and librarians) are aware that the *Partisan* was unable to publish during the period October 1987 through June 1988. Since then we have made a gallant effort to catch up with the normal quarterly schedule, but we are still maling at the end, rather than the beginning of each season (Summer, Fall, Winter, Spring) which makes the magazine seem dated when you receive it. Therefore, beginning with this issue, we well refer to the quarters of the year numerically rather than by season. Since this is the second time we have published in 1989, this issue of the *Southern Partisan* is Volume IX, Second Quarter, June 1989. Under this schedule your next issue for 1989 will be mailed in September (Third Quarter) and then in December (Fourth Quarter). Therefore March, June, September and December will be our publication dates. All subscribers will, as always, receive four full issues for the annual subscription rate. We are now officially back on schedule and thank you for your patience.

Southern PARTISAN

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PARTISAN LETTERS

A MINUS

Gentlemen:

I apologize for taking so long to respond to Otto Scott's "The Return of the Secret Six" (Spring 1988); the article has only now come to my attention.

It would be churlish to dwell on the atmosphere of paranoia that pervades Mr. Scott's piece--one cannot know from what experiences or condition of temperament it springs--but one certainly hopes that it is this general frame of mind that led Mr. Scott to say what he says about Gilman Ostrander. How else is one to take the imputation that Ostrander was so crushed by an A- for a college paper that he muzzled himself on the question of Emerson, Thoreau and John Brown through a lifetime of distinguished scholarship and teaching? "Not even the later publication of his monograph [on John Brown]," writes Scott, "softened that sharp lesson for Ostrander." Those of us who worked with Professor Ostrander over many years know how preposterous this picture is. Ostrander was the least likely man to submit to bullying I have ever met.

Scott writes as absurdly about academic life as he does about Ostrander. A person who thinks an A- is a "sharp lesson," or that professors are "appalled" by student papers, or that the Academy (whatever that is) is "outraged" by scholarly monographs, is no guide to any reality whatsoever.

Stanley Johannesen Executor,
 Estate of Gilman Ostrander

Mr. Scott Replies:

Professor Johannesen missed the point of my article, which was not an attack on Gilman Ostrander, whom I knew and liked. He told me the story behind his school paper not as an example of a low mark (A- is, obviously a high mark), but as an instance of the protectiveness of the Academy (which is a common term for the Professoriate, to coin another) toward Emerson.

In a similar context, Gilman complained about the publisher's treatment of his last manuscript, which was being rotated around a peer "review" board of

academic historians, who had endless changes to suggest. I don't know whether or not that effort ever actually reached print, but his point at the time was the same that I made in my article: that there is a repressive intellectual establishment in this land.

Gilman assured me that The Secret Six was "valuable. We will read it - but don't expect any credit for at least twenty years." I said I doubted if I'd be alive then, and he laughed and said, "So much the better," and we laughed together.

Anyone who deals with a professional writer, however, must be prepared to be eventually described - and not always as one sees himself. Every literate person knows that; I am sure Gilman is not offended by the fact that I repeated what he told me before my wife (his cousin).

As for the "academic life" it is, in my opinion, often squalid, and Professor Johannesen's misreading, coupled with his personal attack, has not changed that opinion.

Otto Scott

NORTHERN PARTISAN?

Gentlemen:

I have been a subscriber and a loyal reader of the *Southern Partisan* for about the past 10 years and have found your magazine very interesting.

I have a few questions and/or suggestions on subjects I would like to see your writers touch on in future issues.

1. Do you ever wish the Southern states had not seceded from the Union and thus have spared yourselves all the losses, pain and misery of Manassas, Shiloh, Antietam, Gettysburg, Atlanta, etc. as well as Sherman's march to the sea, to say nothing of the Carpetbaggers who came afterwards? The slaves were freed regardless.

2. Was there any recognized Southern leader that spoke out and opposed slavery before the Civil War?

3. Can you explain what the "proud Southern Heritage" is (besides the Confederate Battle Flag) that Commander Calvin E. Johnson writes about in his letter, page 2 of the Summer 1988 issue? I find here in South Dakota we stand for and

defend the same principles of honesty, character, trustworthiness, uprightness, truthfulness and sincerity that you uphold and defend in the Southern Partisan. Aren't we all one nation now, united against the forces of evil?

4. And will you please stop glamorizing the Civil War? There was nothing glamorous about it! When I visited the Gettysburg Battlefield last fall and heard our guide tell how 15,000 fine Southern men (each of them someone's son, brother, husband or father) were ordered into the teeth of massed Northern artillery on the hill I felt the Charge of the Light Brigade by the 600 paled into insignificance. Don't you? After that Charge our guide said that General Robert E. Lee broke into tears and said, "It was all my fault!" Glamorous? Hardly!!

5. I am sure a great many of your readers, like me, would like to see an article on the great amount of resistance in the South to the Confederate participation in the Civil War. Tell us about the real pockets of loyalty to the Union in Georgia, Alabama, Mississippi and the Carolinas. Some of the punishment given these Union loyalists is equal to any destruction of Southern lives and property by Sherman during his march to Savannah. See *American Heritage*, March 1989 issue.

I have written to *Southern Partisan* several times before. So far none of them have appeared in your "Letters" section. How about this one?

Robert N. Huey
Sioux Falls, South Dakota

Editor's Note:

1. No. We wish the North had decided not to squash the Constitution.

2. Yes. T. Jefferson, J. Randolph, and R. E. Lee.

3. (a) Yes. We do so every three months (more or less).

(b) No. The Soviet Union is one nation. We believe in pluralism.

4. No. Heroes and their deeds should be remembered.

5. The American Heritage piece is by Eric Foner who distorts Southern history professionally (see our review of his book in the Partisan, Fall 1988).

6. Of course we will print your letter. And keep reading us, for you have much to learn.

LUKES ON LANDESS

Gentlemen:

It is not my custom to respond to abusive statements about the *St. Luke's Journal of Theology*. But in your Fall 1987/Winter 1988 issue Tom Landess, in his column, seems to me to have exceeded the bounds of responsible journalism. Mr. Landess states that he reads the (sic) *St. Luke's Theological Journal*, indeed has "followed this publication through several years of publication." But after "several years" I should have thought he'd got the name down accurately, the *St. Luke's Journal of Theology*. But this is a minor matter.

More serious are his charges -- articles which are "theologically simplistic and occasionally illiterate...as if they had been written by students at a particularly disreputable state teacher's college." While this sounds slanderous to state teachers colleges (are there any anymore?), how can I apply these complaints to Paul Tillich, John Macquarrie, Charles Price, Walter Harrelson, Kenneth Leach, Harmon Smith, Fitzsimons Allison, Timothy Sedgwick, Daniel Maguire, to name but a few of our contributors who are now to be characterized as "theologically simplistic and illiterate", and none of whom are or were affiliated with a state teacher's college.

It is difficult to imagine that Mr. Landess has "followed" our journal. Exegesis of his column suggests that he have seen our March 1985 issue, though it is not thereby proven that he has "read" it. Nowhere in the editorial to which he refers in that issue is it claimed that God "lost the 1984 election," although it is the case that decency, honor, and integrity lost to greed, international hooliganism, lawlessness, and cocaine, as events has [sic] subsequently disclosed.

In that same issue, there is an article on sexual ethics. In that article there is no substantiation of Landess' claim that the author wrote that the Church should "quit marrying people, presumably in order to solve the problem of what to do about practicing homosexuals." To put it charitably, I think that Mr. Landess simply did not understand the article. In any event, the author did not begin with the "assumption...that the Episcopal Church has perennially taught that sex is evil." He did state that from the earliest times, the Church had denigrated sex. His concern was to argue

against it.

Beyond this March 1985 issue it is hard to see that Mr. Landess has done much reading in our journal. The little he has done seems not to have well-informed him about it. Since he has so gravely misunderstood and misrepresented us to the point of slandering both the journal and its contributors, I request that you publish this letter as a retraction of his opinion concerning *St. Luke's Journal of Theology*.

John M. Gessell, Editor
St. Luke's Journal of Theology
Sewanee, Tennessee

Editor's Note: Because so much time has elapsed since it came in, we are publishing this letter despite the fact that Tom Landess is on leave and cannot--because of current job restrictions--reply to Mr. Gessell's remarks. He will do so in the future.

C.S.A. IRREDENTIA

Gentlemen:

In the "CSA Today" section, you very properly have the 13 states whose stars will fly forever in The Flag, and also cover Oklahoma, which had the honor of being the Last Unconquered Territory. But I wonder if you might consider expanding this section to include the following:

1. Arizona and New Mexico. Please remember that Arizona Territory --which included parts of both states (they were sliced North and South, and not East and West, in those days)-- was represented in CSA's Congress by a delegate...

2. Delaware. Yes, I know that there was no move to secede--at least so far as I have found--but the Peculiar Institution survived there as long as anywhere else, and much of the Way of Life (very key to *Southern Partisan's* continued mission) surely was essentially Southern in many ways. Perhaps they can be "honorary" Confederates?

3. West Virginia. Yes, counter-secessionists succeeded in getting what became West Virginia admitted as a state(!) of the USA in the War--completely illegally, of course, as there was not even a rump "Virginia" assembly to give consent--but surely, many West Virginians fought for The Cause, and the Old Dominion, according to my recollection, did not "settle up" on the issue of West Virginia's *existence* until, about, 1896.

4. Washington, DC, or "Federal City," or "the seat of the Government of the United States," or however you would like to have it called. Yes, it's OCCUPIED, but then SO IS EVERYPLACE ELSE. And remember WHO GAVE IT (Maryland), and who gave the OTHER HALF (Virginia), both CSA members without question in your map of things. Besides, where is Confederate Memorial Hall located?

Louis E. Traycik
Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

STATE SOVEREIGNTY

Gentlemen:

I believe public understanding of the Constitutional issues of State sovereignty as an essential to prevent complete centralization of power in the central government and of miscegenation is necessary to prevent some form of totalitarian, central government and more widespread miscegenation.

The general public does not know why the eleven Southern States seceded in 1861 and what Constitutional rights the States had to secede, and WHY under the conditions of 1861 these States exercised the right.

Very few realize that, although the Southern States were defeated militarily, nevertheless the minority status of the Republican Party immediately after The War led them to force the ratification of the 14th Amendment on the Southern States, in order to give the Africans the vote and to elect Grant, who was the first President thus elected; and the Constitutional result was that the Africans no longer were bottled up in the South, but had the right after adoption of the 14th Amendment to migrate to the "free soil" States of the West and the North. On this one issue which influenced the Southern States to exercise the right of secession, namely bottling up the increasing African population in the States (which Davis and Governor Matthews of Mississippi said was one reason for seceding [See Robert McElroy's "Jefferson Davis", pp. 132-133; and Dunbar Rowland's "Mississippi The Heart of the South", pp. 698,699], THE SOUTHERN STATES WON THE WAR.

And thereafter the problems of social and legal relationships of the Africans became a NATIONAL problem, accentuated in the course of time by invention of the

mechanical cotton picker, increased migrations to the North and West of Africans, with the result that New York City, Harlem, Chicago, Detroit and Los Angeles have problems incident to coexistence of this ethnic group with others; and not the South exclusively.

...The *Southern Partisan* has an opportunity to throw historical, and true light on the present social and political problems in the United States by putting the spotlight on the secession, invasion, conquest, occupation, and re-admission to the Union of the Southern States.

The South has been misrepresented and is being misrepresented...For example, in 1930 the first question Professor Borchard asked in the class on Constitutional Law in the Yale Law School was WHERE IS SOVEREIGNTY UNDER THE CONSTITUTION OF THE U.S.? One student said, "In the Federal Government." Borchard said, "No." student said, "In the States." Borchard said, "No." "If that had been so the South might have something on its side. It is in the People." He then read the last 4 words of Amendment X, "or the people." And he said, "Weighty words." I was a student in that class, and I found in the library a reference to Calhoun's life work, especially his "Disquisition on Government and Dissertation on the Constitution of the U.S.," which refutes Borchard, Story, Webster, and Lincoln on the issue of State sovereignty. The essential facts can be presented to the public. Patrick Henry's debate on this issue (in Elliot's *Debates on the Constitution*) DRAMATIZES the issue.

I am interested in the *Southern Partisan*, as a quarterly which presents Southern history, and I wish it success.

J. B. Hutton, Jr.
Alexandria, Virginia

THE FINAL STRAW

Gentlemen:

I too, like yourselves, and many of your readers, have become thoroughly disgusted with *Southern Magazine*. Having recently extended my subscription out of some sense of misguided loyalty, what type of articles do you think the next few issues of that magazine contained? One issue contained a glowing review of the founder of American Atheists, Madalyn O'Hare (Dec. 1988). The same issue also managed to

mistakenly infer that Sen. Al Gore had a Southern heritage, something he is desperately lacking.

The final straw however, was an article in the January, 1989 issue which detailed the social life of the Birmingham homosexual community, complete with a calendar of upcoming gay events. Upon seeing that, I immediately wrote and cancelled my subscription, telling the editors of *Southern* that their magazine did not portray the religiously, politically and socially conservative values that represent the true Southern heritage.

In closing, I urge you to keep up your excellent work to preserve the emblems of the Confederacy. I can still remember my disgust when two state representatives in my home city of Montgomery, Alabama tried to remove the Battle Flag from atop the Capital Building. These attempts to eradicate our heritage and the memory of those who died to protect it must be stopped.

Kelly W. Perdue
Lookout Mountain, Georgia



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PARTISAN VIEW

by Richard Quinn



Save the Ladies

Charlie Daniels was wrong. The Devil is *not* in Georgia playing the fiddle. He's in Virginia working with state officials and a private group of vultures who are ripping out the hearts of eight very old ladies—ladies who symbolize all the grace and the valor of a better day than ours. The ladies (ages 84-98) have been living for most of this century in the Confederate Home for Women. They are all daughters of Confederate soldiers.

Many years ago, the eight ladies (and many others who are no longer living) surrendered ownership of their worldly possessions to the Home's corporation in exchange for a promise that they could live out their lives peacefully in the Southern mansion, surrounded by magnolias, and furnished by all the antiques and the memorabilia the ladies themselves brought with them over the last sixty years.

What has happened? Simply this: the board of directors has decided not to wait until the ladies die to cash in on the deal. The Associated Press reported that "key legislators, museum officials and the home's board of directors decided to turn the home over to the (state) museum and send the women to a modern facility 20 miles out of town."

And what of the memorabilia the ladies had accumulated? According to *The Ledger Star* newspaper of Norfolk, "the antiques will be sold off with Board members receiving first dibs at prices based on a 9-year-old appraisal." For example, just one Chippendale grandfather clock in the Home has a true market value of \$5,000, but the old appraisal the Board intends to use for their own purposes places the value at about one-fifth of that amount, according to press reports.

Of course, the Home's corporation calls all this a financial necessity. The *Partisan* has been told that the home needs over \$500,000 in renovations to bring it up to code, and only the state has the resources to do that. But if the state is willing to make that investment for the museum, why in God's name will the state not allow those eight ladies to live out their lives in the Home before the museum takes over? Why could not the state's museum, which is dedicated to enhancing culture, simply repair the Home and extend its use to the Confederate ladies as a gesture of commitment to our cultural heritage, which they will embody with exquisite

poetry for as long as they live?

These eight ladies are especially precious. They are flesh and blood symbols, *real* daughters of Confederate soldiers. They are the last living link we have with a generation of martyrs.

We live in a world that will stand still and weep when a couple of whales get stuck in a layer of ice. Who will weep now when these eight daughters are stripped of their home, their possessions, their dignity and handled in a manner that is certain to break their hearts during the final days of their lives?

A last desperate effort is being made to aid these grand old ladies of the South, to save their Home. A *Confederate Ladies Fund* has been established (tax-deductible). Please mail your contributions to Faye Oliff, 2205 Lucord Lane Mechanicsville, Virginia 23111. You may also want to write the Governor of Virginia who could stop this tragedy if he cared to.

In the mean time, weep for the ladies—and pray for them. The great men who loved their little girls would appreciate your concern, and remember too that we are all being tested.

Those directly responsible have already flunked, and the Devil is smiling. But those of us who do nothing are not home free. St. Peter is probably taking a hard count on this one. ☛



The Home for Confederate Women, dedicated during the 1932 Reunion of the United Confederate Veterans (UCV) in our nation's capital.

FROM BEHIND ENEMY LINES

The Neo-Con Job

by Gordon Jackson

With the Great Unifier retired to California and conservatives less engaged now in the policy arena, a slowly developing fissure line in the movement is threatening to open wide. The business is starting to get quite nasty, and unless someone reintroduces the principals, (genteel old parlor intellectuals for the most part) to proper standards of civil discourse, conservatives will find themselves in a full-fledged civil war while country club Republicans solidify their hold on the party.

Most *Partisan* readers probably have a rough familiarity by now with the struggle and its participants. Call it the "neo-cons" versus the "paleo-cons". The former welfare-state liberals, largely Jewish, strongly interventionist and pro-Israel, in one corner; the more traditionalist, anti-government, nativist tribunes of the Old Right in the other.

The two sides have been trading unpleasanties in various fora for most of the two decades that neo-cons have counted themselves on the right. The differences of opinion are real enough, and so too are the personality differences. Neo-cons tend to be aggressive, street-smart intellectuals, savvy in the ways of both faculty politics and national policy struggles. The paleo-cons are typically more the ivy-tower sort: placid, reflective, more interested in theory than policy. Regional stereotypes are useful: neo-cons are New York; paleo-cons, in their temperament and political views, represent what is usually thought of as Southern conservatism.

Though the two groups figure to be natural antagonists, until recently they have coexisted within the conservative bloc and worked largely toward the same ends. But the last couple of years have witnessed what can only be described as a power play by the neo-cons, an attempt to preempt the debate by defining their opponents onto the hate-mongering fringe.

Three examples of backstage knifings illustrate what is going on. In the second half of the twentieth century, no rhetorical dagger cuts deeper than calling someone an anti-semite, but the neo-cons have begun using the word promiscuously.

Three years ago syndicated columnist and *National Review* editor Joseph Sobran decided he would stray a little from the conservative party line on the Middle East. He ventured some very circumspect criticism of the Israel lobby in his column. Subsequent columns weighed in on Reagan's Bitburg visit and on the racist publication *Instauration*, which Sobran praised for its intelligence before denouncing it thoroughly.

This was all simply beyond the Pale for the neo-cons, who launched a campaign of vilification to chasten Sobran, if not destroy his career. Letters were dispatched to the papers that carried him attempting to get his column axed. Pressure undoubtedly was brought to bear against William Buckley, who spanked Sobran in *National Review* and dissociated the magazine from Sobran's views on these subjects. Joe's ruminations might, Buckley said, be legitimately interpreted as anti-semitism. The neo-cons were not nearly so wishy-washy.

More recently, the Rockford Institute felt the same lash. *Chronicles of Culture* ran a story in a recent issue about German-Americans, but neglected to mention the Holocaust. It also published a laudatory piece on Gore Vidal, whose views on Israel and paeans to the agrarian republic of America's yesteryear have sometimes been interpreted as anti-semitic. Granted, Vidal is an unusual pin-up for a conservative publication, but there is no way that Rockford deserves the allegations of anti-semitism issuing from the neo-con camp.

The matter came to a strange pass not too long ago when Rockford locked its associate Richard John Neuhaus out of its New York offices. Neuhaus, also the *National Review* religion editor, is viewed as an ally of the neo-cons, and the speculation is that Rockford had finally become fed up with snide accusations of parochialism from the flank.

Buckley again rushed into print with a muddled editorial to defend his editor and, by implication, the neo-con position. This taxonomy of conservatives is a drag, said the once-great linchpin of libertarians, anti-communists and cultural conservatives. Whether due to the perquisites of social life in New York, the precarious financial position of *National Review*, or simply reluctance to jump into a big fight, Buckley's myopia is disqualifying him from serving as an intermediary for this very real dispute in this movement.

Another scalp hanging in the neo-con tent is the academic career of Paul Gottfried, editor of the *Currents in Modern Thought* section of the *World and I* magazine. Not long ago, Gottfried, who holds a doctorate in political philosophy, decided to return to academe. The unanimous choice of the search committee for a tenure track position at Catholic University, Gottfried had begun salary negotiations when the kibosh was put on his nomination, allegedly by faculty members sympathetic to the neo-con point of view. That Gottfried was insufficiently pro-Zionist, apparently was the rationale with which he was shot down.

Gottfried certainly suffers from no illusions about academic freedom. And as a saddle bur of long standing for the neo-cons, he is certainly not unfamiliar with accusations of anti-semitism, though he is himself Jewish. But he may have been surprised to learn that the tentacles of neo-con influence extend all the way into Catholic University.

I can speak from personal experience about two of these inductees. Joe Sobran, I know, is not an anti-semite. He approaches the Middle East question with American interests as his lodestar, and never ceases to be amazed that doing so has placed him outside of the conservative mainstream on this issue. Paul Gottfried not only is no anti-semite, but is quite proud of his Jewish heritage and is mildly pro-Israel. He and the *Commentary* magazine set are not enamored of each other, and for that aversion he has paid a significant price.

From this vantage point, it looks as if the neo-cons are trying to slap the tag anti-semite on anybody who disagrees with them, especially on Israel. The word can destroy careers; it should be used with extreme judiciousness.

Beneath the pettiness on the surface there is a fascinating debate to be joined between the neo-cons and paleo-cons. Put briefly, it is this: Is the American experience of successful representative government, relative social stability and economic dynamism one that lends itself to a pluralistic society and to exportation around the globe; or is it unique to Anglo-Saxon culture, this time and this place? The neo-cons get to argue that one from the moral high ground — if they'd just stop calling names and join the debate in good faith. ☛

T·R·I·V·I·U·M·

By Matthew Sandel

I wonder how many Southerners realize what is going on in their universities--both public and private?

When parents pack Thomas Jonathon, Jr. or Mary Lee off to college, do they have any idea what's going on there? I suspect not. I am certain they believe that the same old skeptical and irreverent attitude prevails on the old campus, that the professors are a little more liberal than the general population but that earlier generations survived such iconoclasm and so can this one.

Well, times have changed radically since many parents went to school; and what is going on there is anything but skeptical and irreverent. There is a profound religious atmosphere present on campuses today, one that has probably not been so zealous or so "orthodox" since the Oxford Movement swept over English universities in the 19th century.

But the religion is not Christianity or Judaism: it is modern secular materialism; and if your children are in school now, they are having it shoved down their throats with a kind of shameless partisanship that would not have been tolerated thirty years ago. Let me give you a case in point.

My daughter now goes to one of the public universities in a Deep South state. When we enrolled her there, it never occurred to us that she was not joining a respectable academic community where her professors would at least pretend to give all sides of a scholarly controversy before proclaiming their own. But after a year in school, she began to bring home reports that troubled us.

First, it seems that her professors no longer bother to couch their own political views in scholarly objectivity, nor do they give opposing views. Class after class consists of pure leftist dogma; and if contradictory opinions are considered at all, they are merely dismissed with invective. She gave us example after example of such haranguing, which has not been confined to one class or one department, but seems to be pervasive throughout the school.

Second, there is a new preoccupation with sexuality on her campus, and not just in courses where the subject would come up naturally. In her speech class, for example,

students are encouraged to stand up and talk publicly about their own sexual experiences. One young man gave an extemporaneous speech on how to masturbate, while several openly homosexual teachers sat in the back row and laughed raucously in appreciation. When she left, obviously unhappy, one of the teachers said with an amused smile, "Problems, Miss Sandel?"

Third, all speakers brought to the campus are radical leftists and/or sexual deviants. Despite the obvious importance of conservative thinkers and conservative activists on the current political scene, none are brought to this campus by the university itself. There is no attempt whatsoever to provide a balanced view of contemporary issues. There is no debate. There is only preaching "by Abby Hoffman types — the failed heroes of the sixties.

Fourth, the entertainment sponsored by the school is also inclined to emphasize either leftist political and social causes, or, more frequently, to depict sexual promiscuity and perversion. The two, of course, go together, one serving to promote the other. When my daughter and a few others protested, the appropriate dean treated them as if they were the fanatical children of snake handlers.

If all this sounds dangerous and scary, don't be too alarmed. To be sure, such an atmosphere may be pervasive in the academy today, but it is making fewer converts than you might imagine. As a matter of fact, I suspect that this "evangelical" approach on the part of the left is losing more potential converts than it is winning.

If you look at the statistics of the 1988 election, you will see that George Bush did extraordinarily well with young voters, as did Ronald Reagan before him. The voters who tended to support Dukakis were those in their late thirties and early forties--i.e. the kids of the 1960s. And that is who is running the academy today, trying desperately to relive their own youth in the upcoming generation, trying to start up the revolution that failed twenty years ago. But today's kids aren't buying it. The

Tom Landess is on leave from the *Partisan* while occupying a post with the government in Washington. Matthew Sandel will be standing in for our Associate editor during his absence.

nostalgia for the sixties they encounter on TV and in the classroom bores them or else makes them angry.

Recently the media released a poll on current student attitudes that mocked the attempt of the educational establishment to rekindle the fires. Most of the students were interested in finding a good job and living comfortably. Relatively few wanted to discover a "meaningful philosophy of life." To be sure, there are nobler goals than financial security, but few sappier and more self-indulgent than puttering around with Zen and Yoga, which is what do-it-yourself philosophy usually leads to. So on the whole, today's youngsters are better off than their professors; and they aren't about to buy the academic propaganda that passes for education these days.

A month or so ago, a group of students at a California campus previously known for its radicalism staged a protest against protests. They marched around the campus carrying blank signs. Their message: Everything is really O.K. Or more to the point: Quit trying to hand us your worn-out revolution. So this generation is catching on.

On the other hand, we need to be concerned about this "religious" dogmatism for other reasons. When you are propagandizing in the classroom you are not really teaching, and that is why our society is becoming more and more uneducated--and hence more and more confused. To be sure, most kids instinctively reject the simplistic platitudes of the left. But at the same time, they are not being taught the basic knowledge that makes for an educated and self-critical society--for example, how to analyze, how to synthesize, how to criticize. Or to put it more succinctly, they are not being taught how to think--which used to be the primary goal of education.

I don't know how you remedy this situation. You can't just call for curricular reform, because the professors themselves don't know how to think and therefore cannot teach others to do so. They can't pass along knowledge they don't possess. Put very simply, higher education--whether it be at a state university in the South or at Harvard--is in the hands of a generation of ignorant and opinionated yahoos--the Babbitts of the 80s and 90s.

If you don't know what I mean by that, imagine 90% of all classes in all colleges being taught by Phil Donahue. ☺

OBITER DICTA

Certify Your Heritage



Michael Grissom of Nashville, Tennessee has hatched a grand idea. Our readers may be (should be) familiar with Grissom's book *Southern By the Grace of God*, a fat, beautifully bound reaffirmation of Southern values, illustrated with lots of rare and wonderful photographs.

Now Mr. Grissom has announced a special award that he will send to "any individual, business, courthouse, school or similar entity who flies the Confederate Battle Flag where it is visible to the public...on some regular basis."

The award is a 16 inch x 20 inch document called "The Southern Heritage Award" personalized to the recipient. Printed in color on heavy paper, Mr. Grissom is absorbing the cost of the certificate, which, of course, is designed to be framed. He asks only that you send him a snapshot of the flag with an explanation of where and when it is displayed, along with \$3.00 to cover the cost of the postage and the mailing tube.

Grissom's reasons for offering the Award are twofold: first he seeks to encourage Southerners (and friends outside the South) to display the Battle Flag, and he also wants to recognize the courage of those who are willing to display it, at a time when this most honored symbol of the South is being maligned by pressure groups and the liberal press.

You are encouraged to write Mr. Grissom for your "Southern Heritage Award" at the Rebel Press, Post Office Box 158766, Nashville, Tennessee 37215.

Off to See the Wizard

The Invisible Empire is at it again, if you believe what you see in a rash of new movies about the South. One even suggests that white farmers regularly equip themselves with baying dogs, flashlights and (of course) high-powered rifles for the purpose of hunting unarmed black men at night—for sport. We even heard one naive young Southern woman, who had just seen that movie, remark "Oh, I'm sure that sort of thing happens all the time." Indeed.

For the sake of perspective, we have conducted a little experiment. We have polled our office here at the *Partisan*, and we spent about a week asking everybody we bumped into who grew up in the Deep South if they had ever seen, been to or heard about a KKK cross-burning; and if they, or any member of their family, had ever joined or been to a meeting of the KKK (hooded or otherwise). Here is what we found out:

The only cross-burning any of us

had ever witnessed was in *Life* magazine or in the movies. We picked up members of the John Birch Society, the Anti-Defamation League, the Knights of Columbus, the Mickey Mouse Club and even a few Rotarians—but not a single Klansman. One fellow admitted to using a sheet with eyeholes cut out as a Halloween getup when he was 12, but only because his Daddy couldn't afford a storebought costume.

In thinking back over the 1950's, 60's and 70's, we found, among those we randomly consulted, eye-witnesses to all the trends, fads, movements and aberrations of our time. We found hoola-hoopers, beatniks and Unitarians; we found folks who had been gassed at anti-Vietnam rallies and seen streakers running "nekked" at night; some of the people we asked insist they have seen UFO's, poltergeists and mysterious moving objects. But not one single witness could be found to a neighborhood cross-burning or to a racial atrocity.

Of course, we concede the existence of racial atrocities, here in the South and elsewhere. But they are atrocious by definition because they are so very rare. The Boston Strangler accumulated more victims than all the civil rights workers who were killed in the South combined.

We also concede that the KKK exists, probably with rag-tag chapters in every state. Odd little radical groups of all



R.C. Tanner of Goose Creek, South Carolina (far left) poses in the Fall of 1988 with Mujahideen freedom fighters in Logar Province, Afghanistan prior to the Soviet withdrawal. Tanner captured the Soviet tank in the name of the Confederacy. ☪

kinds can be found in every region of the country. But the Klan lives vividly in the imagination because there are so many non-Southerners who love to hear those ugly old stories about lynchings and beatings and burnings told over and over again.

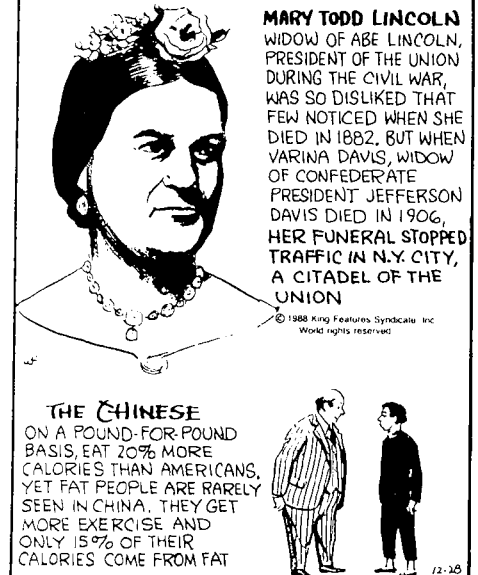
Southerners, however, know that the Klan has not in our lifetime been anything more than a slender fringe on the edge of the fabric. Indeed, one of our editors happens to remember clearly the only time he ever saw a real-life Klansman dressed in full regalia. The Grand Imperial Wizard came to South Carolina in the 1960's to lead a rally on the State House steps. After considerable advance publicity, when the appointed time arrived, the Wizard spoke to an audience of about twelve who clapped and cheered enthusiastically. Of course, twice as many reporters were on

hand to cover this major event, even though one could have easily assembled, on short notice, a larger gathering of members of the Flatworld Society.

Finally, one reporter asked the Wizard why, after predicting a "rally of thousands" in his newsrelease, so few people had actually shown up. "Well, it's real hot today," he said. "We do a lot better when the weather's nice."

Apparently the weather is always nice in Hollywood, where Klan rallies are all well attended as the director shouts "Quiet on the set--Action." And it's okay to make things up "for the sake of art." But too many people seem to believe that life imitates art only in the South. The truth is that we are not burning any crosses down here--but we are bearing a few. ☸

Ripley's—Believe It or Not!



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SCALAWAG AWARD

North Carolina novelist Reynolds Price has always remembered the advice he was given as a boy by a Methodist pastor who urged him never "to venture far from a place" where he could study the faces of those he "must not betray."

No one, apparently, ever gave that advice to Barr Nobles who grew up in south-central Georgia and who ended up working as an editor for the *San Francisco Chronicle*, on whose pages he recently wrote an essay called "The South Rises Again." Here is a brief summary of Mr. Nobles' memories of his Georgia childhood:

"I went to my first cross-burning in 1950," he begins. "I was four years old..." (Ah yes, how well we all remember our first cross-burning!). However, young Barr didn't get into the swing of things. You see, his Daddy had tricked him. The boy thought he was going to a drive-in movie when suddenly "what looked like a telephone pole went up in a blaze...a crowd of white-sheeted men standing facing it...I was so frightened that I got down on the floor of the car and cried...Mama tried to comfort me..."(apparently this

boy spent a lot of time with his Mama).

Then Mr. Nobles shares with us another typical memory of growing up in the South. He was only 16, he tells us, when he received his first death-threat. "We know where you live, you little nigger-lover, and we'll burn the damned place down," the voice "drawled" into the telephone (yes, "drawled" was Mr. Nobles' carefully chosen word. But He doesn't tell us exactly why he became the object of this hateful drawling scorn. He just vaguely attributes it all to his being "involved" in civil rights).

Well, it almost goes without saying that as soon as Barr Nobles got old enough, he got-the-hell-out of that dreadful place. "I can't explain how out numbered I'd always felt in the South" (the virtue is really oozing now) "how alone I was in my feeling that things just weren't right." And now Barr Nobles is living happily ever after writing editorials in a land far away for the only people in the world who would ever believe this trash, which is to say, non-Southerners.

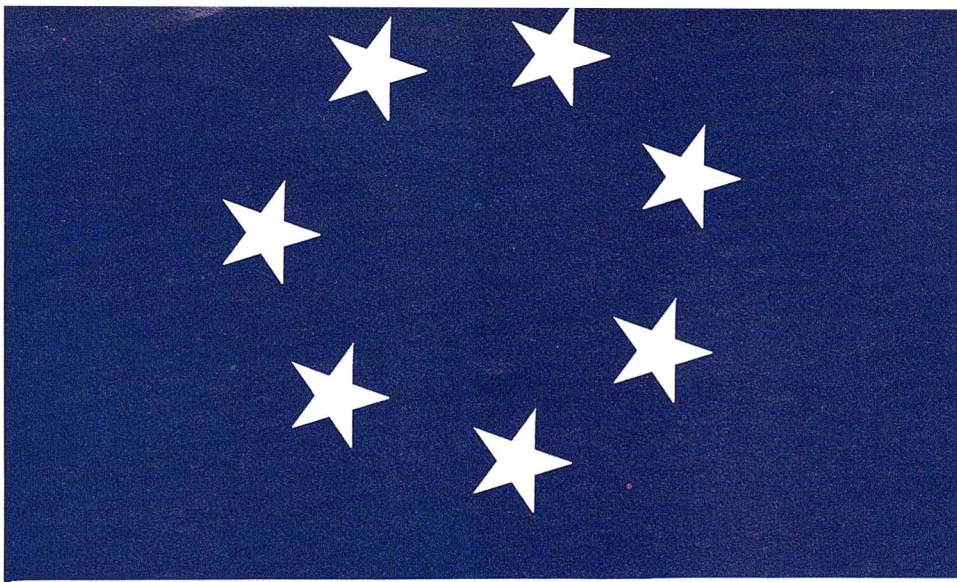
Now, we suppose it is possible that Mr. Nobles came from a quirky little family of dedicated Klansmen. He claims his Daddy and his cousins were all either

Klansmen or Klan-sympathiers. But it's hard to believe that a kid, surrounded by the uniformly evil influences he describes, would have rejected it all so piously and so totally, beginning at age four.

We are sorry that Mr. Nobles had such an unhappy childhood and that he has had so many problems with his father. Sigmund Freud would have to be resurrected to explain to us why this boy's specific childhood experiences (if indeed any of this really happened) might be generalized into a palpable hatred for an entire region.

Whatever the cause, San Francisco is probably a good place for Barr Nobles to be, far away from the faces he should not have betrayed, where his readers will eagerly swallow all those racy old stories about Dixie, no matter how improbable.

So this time our Scalawag goes all the way to San Francisco for special delivery to Mr. Nobles. When he gets it, we hope he won't fling himself on the floor and start crying again. Of course, if he gets real upset, he can always call his Mama. ☸



CSA

TODAY

ALABAMA

One of our editors is interested in researching the history of the Bankheads of Alabama, with the possibility of writing a book on the subject. Most people over 40 remember Tallulah. What many may not remember is the fact that her grandfather was a United States senator, so was her uncle, and her father was Speaker of the U.S. House of Representatives. All, of course, represented the state of Alabama.

One of the greatest of all Southern political families, the Bankheads deserve biographical treatment. Does anyone out there know where the family papers are? Someone around Jasper must surely know which members of the family are still alive. Please let us know. We would particularly like to know if Speaker Will Bankhead's diary is in some library or private collection. If you have any information, please write Matthew Sandel, c/o the *Southern Partisan*.

JULY

Promoting Our Heritage
July 1
Prattville, Alabama
(205) 365-5977

Alabama State Clogging Championship
July 1
Prattville, Alabama
(205) 249-3285

John Hunt Morgan Day
July 8
Huntsville, Alabama
(205) 536-2882

AUGUST

Watermelon Festival
August 19

Russellville, Alabama
(205) 332-1760

Great Southern Kudzu Festival
August 25-26
Birmingham, Alabama
(205) 335-3346

SEPTEMBER

8th Annual General Joe Wheeler Civil War
(sic) Re-enactment
September 2-3
Decatur, Alabama
(205) 350-8900

Civil War (sic) Re-enactment
19th Alabama Infantry
September 30-October 1
Huntsville, Alabama
(205) 536-2882

ARKANSAS

Sammy Smith, who lives near Little Rock, has got a well so deep that he believes it is bottomless.

"It's an old well," he said. "Been on the place since before the War between the States. My grandmother told me that it had no bottom, but I never paid any attention to it until the drought summer before last. Then, for the first time in anybody's memory, the bucket came up dry. So we threw a stone in and after about five minutes, we heard a splash. There's water down there somewhere, but we can't reach it. I've put the bucket on thirty feet of clothes line but it still comes up dry as a bone."

When asked why he didn't get a longer rope, Smith said, "I'm afraid I'll pull me up a Chinaman."

Some experts have suggested that the

bottom of Smith's well has collapsed into a cave or been washed away by an underground stream. Several people have volunteered to go down on a ladder to investigate, but Smith will not allow any further probing.

"I'm afraid of what I'll find down there," he said. "I'm pretty happy right now let's keep it that way."

JULY

21st Annual Square Dancer's Weekend
July 1-2
Mount Nebo State Park, Arkansas
(501) 778-3945

17th Annual Arkansas In Cleburne County
Quartet Gospel Sing
July 14-15
Heber Springs, Arkansas
(501) 362-2641

11th Annual Ding Dong Days
July 27-29
Dumas, Arkansas
(501) 382-5447

AUGUST

21st Annual Albert E. Brumley Sundown to
Sunup Gospel Sing
August 3-5
Springdale, Arkansas
(501) 751-4644

10th Annual Watermelon Festival
August 10-12
Cave City, Arkansas
(501) 283-6664

1st Annual Great Arkansas Pig Out
August 11-12
Morrilton, Arkansas
(501) 354-2393

SEPTEMBER

7th Annual Living History Weekend
September 16-17
Greenbrier, Arkansas
(501) 679-2098

FLORIDA

The Florida legislature is again wrestling with another of those thorny problems that tax the moral sensibilities of public officials. First it was casinos. Then it was Ted Bundy. Now it's dwarf tossing.

It seems that in Ft. Lauderdale David "Midge" Wilson, a former circus performer from Sarasota, has set himself up in a night club as a tossee, and Senator George Stuart of Orlando is outraged.

"It's absolutely unbelievable...that this kind of activity goes on anywhere," Stuart said, as he proposed a bill that would revoke the liquor license of any bar or club that permitted a dwarf to be tossed on the premises. Co-sponsors of the Stuart bill argued that such an activity was "dangerous and dehumanizing," and predicted early passage.

But there were those who disagreed. One veteran Florida legislator, who preferred not to be identified, put it this way, "The bill brings up grave constitutional questions. Now I'd be the first one to say that a dwarf shouldn't be tossed against his will. But suppose, as in the case of this Midge Wilson, a dwarf *wants* to be tossed? Doesn't he have that right? After all, being tossed could be regarded as a form of free speech. If you can ban dwarf tossing, then pretty soon you'll be banning *any* entertainment using dwarfs whatsoever. You pass this law and you may end up tossing a lot of little folks out of a job."

JULY

Tropical Agri-Fiesta
July 29, 30
Homestead, Florida
(305)247-5727

8th Annual Chili Cook-Off
July 8
Fort Pierce, Florida
(407)461-2414

AUGUST

Annual Possum Festival and Parade
August 5
Wausau, Florida
(904)638-0250

Jaycees Bed Race
August 27
Port St. Lucie, Florida
(407)878-8812

SEPTEMBER

13th Annual Quilt Exhibition
September 1 - November 27
Lake Wales, Florida
(803)767-5443

Pioneer Days
September 1-4
Englewood, Florida
(813)474-9158

Great American Raft Race
September 23 or 30
(407)464-1100

GEORGIA

The choice of Newt Gingrich for Minority Whip may signal the beginning of a heightened Southern influence in the Republican Party. Though not a native of the region, Gingrich represents his Southern constituency more than most House Democrats, and he can be expected to vote and act out of principle rather than political expediency.

Among other stances, Gingrich has consistently supported the coupling of welfare payments with work--a biblical injunction that has been all but forgotten in the rush to buy votes with taxpayers' money. Now that he is in a position of power, he may be able to do something about the welfare mess.

Gingrich's sole weakness seems to be an excessive preoccupation with economic theory, but he is solid on most other issues; and with Trent Lott gone over to the Senate, Gingrich is the South's clearest and most powerful voice in the House.

JULY

4th Annual Georgia Shakespeare Festival
July 1-8, 13
Atlanta, Georgia
(404)233-1717

Civil War (sic) Encampment
July 2
Roswell, Georgia
(404)922-1731

AUGUST

Dillard's Great Cabbage Festival
August 5
Dillard, Georgia
(404)746-5301

Kudzu Takeover Day
August 12
Lumpkin, Georgia
(912)838-6202

SEPTEMBER

125th Anniversary Reenactment of the Battles for Atlanta
September 1-3
Adairsville, Georgia
(404)261-1837

Crackerland Country Fair
September 30 - October 1
Howard, Georgia
(912)986-5253

Storytelling On the Plantation
September 20
Juliette, Georgia
(912)986-5172

KENTUCKY

The state of Kentucky has done something that is not only pious, but is also downright practical. In fact, other states and municipalities should take note.

In the process of building a new Interstate near Paducah, state officials decided to construct a Welcome Center to greet rich Yankees and returning Southerners to the state and region. There was only one trouble. White Haven, known locally as "the old Smith House," was right in the way--or close enough to cause a lot of trouble for everybody. This local landmark--built in the 1860's by a tobacco farmer--was a typical plantation house of the period, with a portico and Corinthian column, four chimneys, and a reflecting pool. It was also falling to pieces.

While engineers were planning the Interstate, some local folks went to the state and begged them to save the Smith house, which, they said, would make an elegant Welcome Station--maybe the most elegant and most appropriate in the country. Secretary of Transportation Frank Metts inspected the site, and got behind the project. The result; the state of Kentucky spent \$762,000 restoring White Haven instead of the more than \$1.5 million estimated to build a new Welcome Center.

Of course, they changed the name "White Haven" which is just plain stupid; but you can't expect folks to be perfect.

JULY

Golden Pond Moonshine
July 1

Golden Pond, Kentucky
(502)92405602

Green River Catfish Festival
July 1-4
Morgantown, Kentucky
(502)526-6827

Locust Grove Storytelling Festival
July 7
Louisville/Jefferson Counties
(502)245-0643

SEPTEMBER

Adair County Bell Pepper Festival
September 6-9
Columbia, Kentucky
(502)384-6020

Kentucky State Washer Pitching
Tournament
September 9
Greenville, Kentucky
(502)338-1450

Cow Days Festival
September 15-17
Greensburg, Kentucky
(502)932-7400

James Madison Days
September 28-30
Madisonville, Kentucky
(502)821-2251

LOUISIANA

Secretary of the Interior Manuel Lujan says that conditions in Louisiana's wetlands are worse than he thought. After visiting some of the marshes along the coast, he is at least aware of the problem. Whether or not the Federal government will intervene depends on how much the administration listens to the industrial corporations located along the Mississippi, which prevent the marshes from getting the freshwater silt necessary to sustain them.

Actually the choice is not between industry and no industry, but between two different kinds of industries. After all, in addition to being a stopover for 5 million migratory birds, the marshes support a billion-dollar seafood industry.

If you want to know just how bad things are, consider the fact that the marshes are disappearing at the rate of about an acre every fifteen minutes, or 30-50 square miles each year.

JULY

Washington Parish Watermelon Festival
July 14-16

Franklinton, Louisiana
(504)839-5822

Cajun Bastille Day
July 14-16
Baton Rouge, Louisiana
(504)929-9814

AUGUST

Cajun Heritage Festival
August 18-20
Raceland, Louisiana
(504)537-3236

SEPTEMBER

Rayne Frog Festival
September 8-10
Rayne, Louisiana
(318)334-2332

North Louisiana Cotton Festival
September 12-16
Bastrop, Louisiana
(318)942-5771

MARYLAND

Congressman Roy Dyson (D-MD) is desperate. The reason: in 1988 he was named in a complaint filed with the House Ethics Committee, named in a Justice Department investigation of military contracts, his top aide jumped out of 24-story building in New York City, and he barely squeaked by in November, running against a political newcomer. And how desperate is Dyson? He's so -o-o-o desperate that he is planning to schedule a \$500-a-plate dinner with former Speaker Jim Wright as the rumored headliner.

MISSISSIPPI

Now that "Mississippi Burning" flopped at the box office and failed to win any major Oscars, the folks in the Magnolia State are beginning to wonder if the long night is over.

"Everyone complained that the movie was too fictionalized and unrealistic," noted one north Mississippian we talked to. "Shoot, that never bothered anybody before. Used to be you could say anything about Mississippi you wanted to and people would believe you--not because it was true, but because they *wanted* to believe it. I guess it was just because they liked to think there was one place in the country worse than their own home town."

"It worries me, though," he continued, "Who will they pick on next? We're used to it. Somebody else might get their

feelings hurt."

He thought about it for a minute, then brightened up. "Maybe the next place they'll pick on is New York. You could make a movie and call it "Up in Central Park."

JUNE

Blessing of the Fleet Shrimp Festival & Fais Do Do
June 2-4
Biloxi, Mississippi
(601)435-5578

National Tobacco Spitting Contest
June 24
Raleigh, Mississippi

JULY

Deep Sea Fishing Rodeo
July 1-4
Gulfport, Mississippi
(601)896-6699

Choctaw Indian Fair
July 5-8
Philadelphia, Mississippi
(601)656-5251

Watermelon Festival
Mize, Mississippi
July 22
(601)733-5478

AUGUST

Neshoba County Fair
August 4-11
Philadelphia, Mississippi
(601)656-1742

Crop Day
August 5
Greenwood, Mississippi
(601)452-4152

MISSOURI

At the Jackson County Juvenile Justice Center they had an old fashioned prison riot, the kind you used to see in old Jimmy Cagney movies. After the screaming and kicking and gouging and stomping and head knocking were over and everything settled down, six of the prisoners were reported injured.

The cause of the riot: It seems the prisoners wanted cookies and milk while they watched TV.

JULY

Free Dixieland Concert
July 2
Kansas City, Missouri
(816)444-1858

Jesse James Days
July 15
Winston, Missouri
(816)749-5626

An 1850's Wedding
July 29
Blue Springs, Missouri
(816)881-4431

AUGUST

Great Stone Hill Grape Stomp
August 12
Hermann, Missouri
(314)486-2744

National Quilt Festival
August 25-September 10
Branson, Missouri
(417)338-2611

SEPTEMBER

Pork-a-Rama Live Show
September 7
Palmyra, Missouri
(314)221-1101

Pig-Pickin' Chicken-Lickin' Feast
September 16
Independence, Missouri
(816)461-3491

Brick-Skidding Contest
September 23
Vandalia, Missouri
(314)594-6587

NORTH CAROLINA

The dogwoods of the North Carolina mountains, one of the glories of a Southern springtime, are in mortal danger. A North Carolina correspondent reports that a fungus has afflicted the species, beginning with the leaves and eventually destroying the whole tree. This April many hillsides were conspicuously devoid of those flashes of white that always look like brides disappearing into green woods. People within 200 miles of the foothills drove up this year, as in the past, only to be disappointed.

Bud Wingo, who runs a grocery store near Asheville, thinks he knows the cause.

"It's Daylight Savings Time," he says. "The dogwoods did fine until they started taking away an hour of sunlight every year."

JULY

Bentonville Battleground
July 8
Newton Grove, North Carolina
(919)594-0789

Thomas Wolfe Memorial
July 29
Ashville, North Carolina
(704)253-8304

AUGUST

House In The Horseshoe
August 5,6
Sanford, North Carolina
(919)947-2051

SEPTEMBER

Bennett Place
Mid-September
Durham, North Carolina
(919)383-4345

OKLAHOMA

Education has been a big issue in the news lately in the Sooner state. As we go to press, Leon Hibbs goes to trial in Oklahoma City. The ex-president of Oklahoma State University has been accused of using funds from the school's foundation to pad his pockets.

And if those pockets had been attached to light colored slacks, Hibbs would *not* have been allowed to attend graduation exercises at Hartshorne High School, where graduating students were apparently instructed only to wear dark pants. Principal George Timmons blocked 25 students from the service for wearing the wrong color. According to press reports, the police had to be called to protect Timmons from angry parents who came to see their children graduate, even if some of them may have done so by the seats of their light-colored pants.

JULY

International Brick and Rolling Pen Festival
July 15
Stroud, Oklahoma
(918)968-3321

Whole Hawg Day
July 28-29
Eufaula, Oklahoma
(918)689-3227

AUGUST

World's Largest Garage Sale
August 4-5
Duncan, Oklahoma
(405)255-3644

National Indian Hall of Fame Dedication
August 6
Anaderko, Oklahoma
(405)247-6651

Sucker Day
August 26
Wetumka, Oklahoma
(405)452-3237

SEPTEMBER

Oklahoma Scottish Games and Gathering
September 23
Tulsa, Oklahoma
(918)227-2662

Goober Day
September 30
Allen, Oklahoma
(405)857-2346

SOUTH CAROLINA

South Carolina native Lee Atwater is in hot water because of a political letter issued by the Republican Party, of which Atwater is National Chairman. The letter criticized the new Speaker of the House (Tom Foley) for his liberal voting record and referred to Foley as coming "out of the liberal closet."

Of course the timing of the letter was, to say the least, unfortunate. Speaker Wright had just been forced to resign and Washington was in the middle of going through a phoney ritual of unity. Atwater should have bowed his head reverently, waited about a month, then mailed the memo. Timing is everything in a city of ritual.

JULY

South Carolina Peach Festival
July 14-23
Gaffney, South Carolina
(803)489-1144

Watermelon Festival
July 21-22
Pageland, South Carolina
(704)283-2969

AUGUST

Greer Family Festival
Early August
Greer, South Carolina
(803)877-3131

Big Daddy Fishing Tournament
August 5
Santee, South Carolina
(803)854-2408

South Carolina Peanut Party
August 11-12
Pelion, South Carolina
(803)894-3535

SEPTEMBER

Pioneer Farm Days

September 2-3
Dacusville, South Carolina
(803)269-3903

Collard Festival
September 9
Gaston, South Carolina
(803)772-2500 ext. 367

TENNESSEE

In Gatlinburg, 12-year-old Carrie Walker prepared a science project so original and so well-executed that it won a blue ribbon. But the school principal ordered it removed.

Her project: 10 jars containing unborn babies from six weeks to 5 1/2 months old. The problem: children viewing these displays were beginning to think that what they saw in the jars were real human beings.

One child was heard to say: "You have ten human beings in there."

Another said: "That was a real little person in there. I never want to get an abortion."

Shortly thereafter, the project was whisked away.

As Jim Wade, Sevier County curriculum director explained it: "To an untrained eye, the 5 1/2 months along was definately a child."

We might add that to an untrained eye, this whole caper looks like an attempt to hide the truth.

JULY

Old Time Anvil Shoot
July 2
Norris, Tennessee
(615)494-7680

Esaris Antique & Collectibles Market
July 15
Knoxville, Tennessee
(615)588-1233

AUGUST - SEPTEMBER

Smokey Mountain Passion Play
Throughtout September 3
Tounsens, Tennessee
(615)448-2244

TEXAS

The armadillo, the official Edentats of the state of Texas, is even more dangerous than previously supposed, according to a recently published report by noted zoologist Dr. John McElroy.

"Few people realize it," said McElroy, "but the Armadillo is the only animal

besides man that can contract Hansen's Disease, formerly known as leprosy. This has been known by medical authorities for many years, and a good deal of research on the disease has centered on this curious fact. What we have now discovered is that all armadillos are suffering from another unrelated skin disorder which turns their epidermis into hard, layered plates, thereby giving them their characteristic resemblance to a turtle."

Dr. McElroy's conclusion: "Your armadillo is really nothing more than a diseased possum."

"If you look into an armadillo's face, you will see a possum staring back at you. It's unmistakable. I have long suspected it, but now I think we have the truth. We're running tests, which we will complete sometime around next Easter."

Other regional experts were quick to disagree, arguing that, among other things, armadillos are much more ill-tempered and aggressive than possums, to which Dr. McElroy replies: "Well I guess they *are*. You see how even-tempered you would be if your skin turned to bony plates. People whine and cry when they get a little psoriasis."

Dr. McElroy's book, *The Complete Armadillo*, is scheduled for publication in the fall of 1990.

JULY

Black-Eyed Pea Jamboree
July 21-23
Athens, Texas
(214)675-5181

AUGUST

Texas Folklife Festival
August 3-6
San Antonio, Texas
(512)226-7651

International Barbecue Cookoff
August 19
Taylor, Texas
(512)352-2342

SEPTEMBER

National Championship Pow-Wow
September 8-10
Grand Prairie, Texas
(214)647-2331

VIRGINIA

The site: The campus of George Mason University at Fairfax. The occasion: National History Day, which attracts 300,000 participants annually. The theme

of this year's competition: the individual in history. Students were asked to "select and investigate an individual who played a role in changing the history of [their]family, community, state, nation or world."

So two Virginia junior high school students got their mamas to make them Gestapo uniforms, and they stood up and recited passages from *Mein Kampf* by Hitler. The result: all hell broke loose.

The Anti-Defamation League of B'nai B'rith lodged a complaint with Warrenton Jr. High School, where the boys go to school; and they got low marks on their project. As judge Jack Censer, associate professor of history at George Mason, put it: "I had this horrible, queasy sick feeling when I saw the presentation. They explained Hitler's lust for world domination and his hatred of Jews, and by doing that without context, it seemed to condone it. They did a legitimate historical thing, to understand history from the point of view of the person. But 1989 is far too soon to do for Hitler what we do for other figures in history." Professor Censer is Jewish.

Fair enough. We're not sure about Professor Censer's logic, but we will buy his conclusions: tasteless presentations which offend significant segments of the community should not be tolerated. No matter how closely the performance followed the prescription of the contest, and no matter how unjust the low grades might seem to someone committed to unrestricted freedom of speech, the boys should have known better. And if they didn't know before, they know better now. So some good has been accomplished.

We only hope that the principle upheld in this punishment of a grossly indecent public act will be applied to other similar actions, like the recent photograph of the crucified Christ suspended in urine, the display of which was funded in part by the Rockefeller Foundation and the federally established National Endowment for the Arts. The photograph was pointedly entitled: "P.iss Christ." We call upon the ADL and Professor Censer to join us in protesting this sacrilege on the grounds that if you can desecrate a Christian symbol as sacred as Christ on the Cross, the time might eventually come when you could even portray Hitler in a high school skit with absolute impunity. ☸

SOUTHERN SAMPLER

By William F. Freehoff

ON THE HERO

In the end the hero always fails. He either dies as Roland died, or the cause for which he fought is lost.

Andrew Lytle

ON SLAVERY

In this enlightened age, there are few I believe, but what will acknowledge that slavery as an institution is a moral and political evil in any country.

R.E. Lee

ON MORAL POWER

One man by an exhibition of physical power can control but few; it is by moral power alone that numbers of minds are controlled and directed by one mind...

Albert Sidney Johnston, General, C.S.A.

ON PROGRESS

Progress is both a slogan and a philosophy, a device for social control and a belief in the reality of a process of development toward some far-off divine event.

Lyle Lanier

ON THE LAND

There is no more eloquent sectional contrast than the fact that whereas the South has the farms, New England has the insurance companies.

Richard M. Weaver

ON ROLE MODELS

Lee wanted to be like Washington and Jackson wanted to be like Lee.

Douglas Southall Freeman ♦

ANGUISHED ENGLISH

by Richard Lederer



a collection of fluffs and flubs, goofs and gaffes, boners and boo boos

The following selections are from high school English teacher Richard Lederer's book *Anguished English: An Anthology of Accidental Assaults Upon Our Language*. All are unretouched by any professional humorist.

We continue this quarter with selections from student history essays:

Sixteenth Century:

"The government of England was a limited mockery. From the womb of Henry VIII Protestantism was born.

Queen Elizabeth was the 'Virgin Queen'. As a queen, she was a success. When Elizabeth exposed herself before her troops, they all shouted 'hurrah.' Then her navy went out and defeated the Spanish Armadillo..."

Eighteenth Century:

"Johann Bach wrote a great many musical compositions and had a large number of children. In between, he practiced on an old spinster which he kept in his attic. Bach died from 1750 to the present."

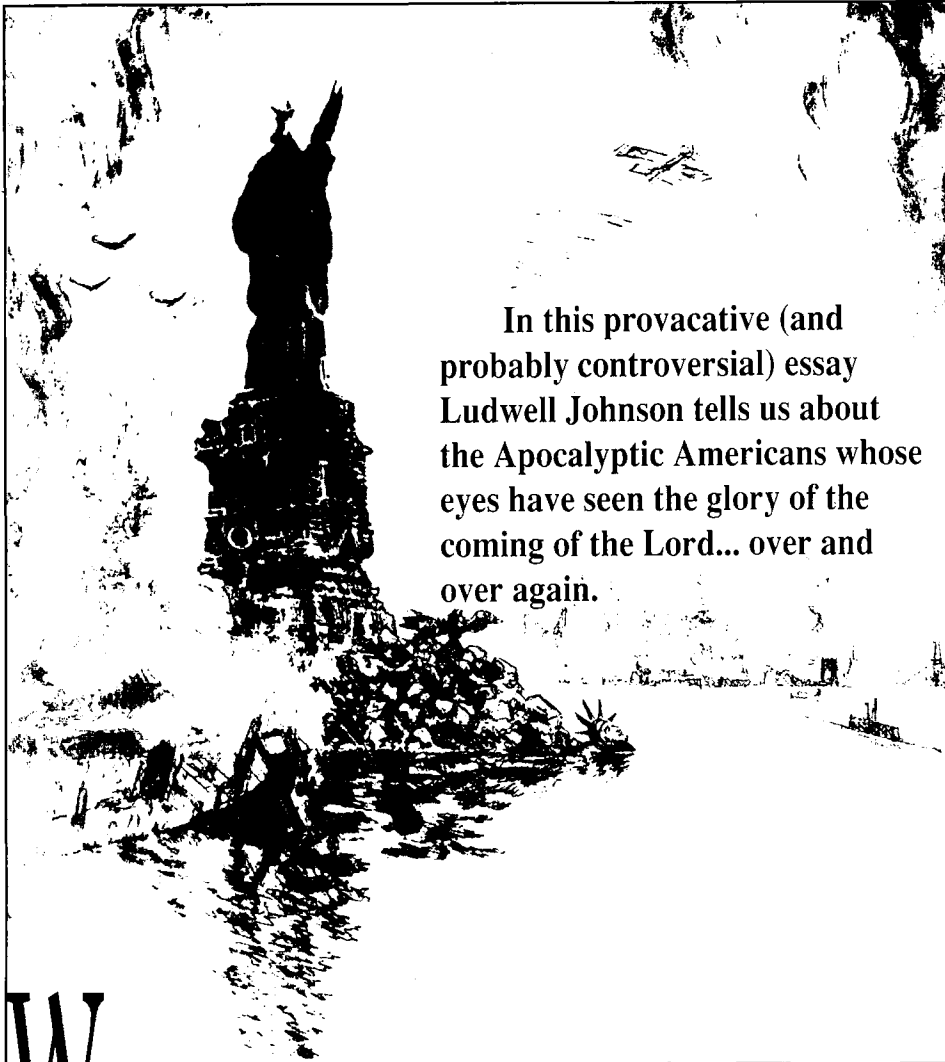
Nineteenth Century:

"During the Napoleonic Wars, the crowned heads of Europe were trembling in their shoes. Then the Spanish gorillas came down from the hills and nipped at Napoleon's flanks. Napoleon became ill with bladder problems and was very tense and unrestrained. He wanted an heir to inherit his power, but since Josephine was a baroness, she couldn't have any children..."

Anguished English is published in the South by Wyrick and Co., 1A Pinckney Street, Charleston, South Carolina 29402. Mr. Lederer is continually looking for more bloopers. ♦

Securing the Blessings: Today

By Ludwell Johnson



In this provocative (and probably controversial) essay Ludwell Johnson tells us about the Apocalyptic Americans whose eyes have seen the glory of the coming of the Lord... over and over again.

We are threatened by a powerful, dangerous, conspiracy of evil men. The conspiracy is the enemy of free institutions and civil liberties, of democracy and free speech; it is the enemy of religion. It is cruel and oppressive to its subjects. Its economic system is unfree and inefficient, condemning its people to poverty and deprivation. It has a relentless determination to spread its system to other peoples and other lands. Its threat comes not only from without, but from its collaborators in our midst.

Its aim is total domination. To compromise with it is impossible, because its leaders are treacherous and only agree to compromise in order to prepare the way for further aggression. For them agreements are made to be violated. Living with this evil permanently is thus impossible; there can be no peace or security until it is completely eliminated and its place taken by a system like our own, for our system is the best hope of all mankind. Our way alone guarantees freedom, peace, and prosperity.

This is an accurate representation of how the Republican Party propaganda of the 1850s depicted the South, which was controlled, said Republicans, by what they called the Slave Power. The Republicans' central platform plank was the necessity of resisting the aggressions of this dark conspiracy. The Slave Power was used to justify the creation of the Republican Party in 1854. It was the symbol that was made to stand for all the accumulated hostility, all the differences--economic, social, political, religious, ideological--that had come to divide North and South.

According to the Republicans, just what was the Slave Power's master plan, and how did it intend to carry it out?

First of all, with the help of its Northern fellow-travelers, it had seized control of the Democratic Party and, through that party, the Federal government. It had already fomented the Texas Revolution, annexed Texas, provoked the war with Mexico, and acquired California and the Southwest. Next, Republicans told the voters, the Slave Power Conspiracy would carry slavery throughout the Western territories, from the Canadian to the Mexican border, and from there into the free states themselves. Then it would overthrow the remains of the Constitution and set up an oligarchy of slaveowners to rule the nation and spread slavery into the Caribbean and Latin America, the ultimate aim being a gigantic empire based on the conspirators' un-American ideas and institutions.

This remarkable vision was not the delusion of unbalanced extremists. Fear of the Slave Power Conspiracy was an important part of a political creed that attracted the nearly 2,000,000 Northerners who elected Abraham Lincoln in 1860. It was a fear assiduously cultivated by party leaders. Lincoln's famous House Divided speech of 1858 is a good example. There he affirmed his belief in the Conspiracy and warned that if the Republican Party was not victorious the United States

the South, Tomorrow...

would become all slave, North as well as South, whereas if the chief weapon of the Conspiracy, the Democratic Party, was repudiated, Republican policies would result in the total elimination of the threat.

What were the facts, facts as readily available then as now? What progress had this awesome menace made toward its goals by the time Lincoln was elected? The record was clear. Five Northern or Western states, but no Southern state, had been admitted to the Union since 1845. The territory of Kansas, touted as the battleground between freedom and slavery in the 1850s, had overwhelmingly rejected a proslavery constitution in 1858. Slavery had been legal in the Southwest since 1850 and in the Louisiana Purchase since 1854, yet how many slaves had the Slave Power Conspiracy actually thrust into this vast area? In Kansas, where, according to the Republicans, the Slave Power Conspiracy had put forth all its strength for several years, the 1860 census showed two slaves in a population of 107,000. In all the territories, including Kansas, perhaps 1,000,000 square miles, there were 46 slaves and 20 slaveowners. The census also showed that slaveowners made up 1.2% of the total United States population and that the South's share of the entire population in comparison to the North's was continuing its long decline. The South had never had a majority in either house of Congress. Its share of seats in the House of Representatives had dropped along with its share of the population. It had lost its equality in the Senate in 1850. With all these commonplace facts before them, how would people believe in the danger of a great Slave Power Conspiracy spreading over the nation?

Some historians have written about what they call the "paranoid" style in American politics. They find in our past a deeply rooted willingness to believe in gigantic conspiracies. No one would deny that there are such things as conspiracies. The difference is that the paranoid style uses conspiracies as an all-encompassing

explanation for whatever seems threatening. For instance, Lincoln was killed as the result of the Booth conspiracy, but Secretary of War Edwin M. Stanton believed that Booth was a tool of the Slave Power and immediately proclaimed that Jefferson Davis, the leader of the Slave Power Conspiracy, was responsible for Lincoln's assassination and issued a reward for his arrest.

The paranoid style goes far back. Many Revolutionary War leaders believed in what they called "a PLAN...systematically laid, and pursued by the British ministry, for enslaving America." And the Declaration of Independence itself referred to a "design to reduce [the colonies] under absolute despotism." New England Federalists saw Thomas Jefferson as the agent of the Red Revolution that had taken over France, a Jacobin whose election would be followed by a Reign of Terror. "Murder, rape, adultery, and incest will be openly taught and practiced.... the soil will be soaked with blood..." Northern Federalists also claimed that Jefferson and his followers were part of "a worldwide conspiracy against Christianity, masterminded by a secret order, the Illuminati," which had been spread throughout Europe by the French Revolution and thrust into the United States via subversive societies.

In the 1820s a hysterical fear that the Masonic order was going to destroy American democracy led to the formation of the Anti-Masonic party in New England, New York, Pennsylvania, and Ohio--the seedbed of abolition. At the same time other Americans sounded the alarm against the "Monster Bank," the tool of eastern and British capitalists that was being used to make the rich richer and, if not stopped, would eventually take over the country. Beginning about the same time and reaching a climax in the 1850s was the fear (mainly in the Northeast) of that ancient arm of Satan, the oldest conspiracy of all, the Roman Catholic Church, a fear that led to convent burnings and the formation of a large

political party in the 1850s. By this time, however, the Slave Power had taken front rank in the parade of conspiracies, although for a time the contest for the villain was a toss-up between the South and Rome. They were seen as natural allies, twin threats to the American way.

To repeat, the fear of the Slave Power Conspiracy was the essential ingredient in the creation of the Republican Party. Had there been no such party, there would have been no war in 1861, for it was fear of the Republicans' intentions that led to Southern secession.

How did so many Americans arrive at this way of thinking about human affairs? This alertness for conspiracies, this defining of all issues in moral terms, this inflation of little things into monstrous threats? The paranoid style grew stronger as the years passed and became immensely stronger in the wake of the intense revivals that swept the North in the 1820s and 1830s and again in the 1850s. Religion came to permeate political rhetoric, and for Northerners politics took on the aspects of a religious crusade. These developments, to a significant degree, reflected the influence of New England on the Northern mind, for New England was the main source for the idea that Americans were the Chosen People of God.

Chosen for what? Northerners of this persuasion believed they were chosen for nothing less than the redemption of the world and the advancement of the millennium: the kingdom of God on earth that would precede the Last Judgment. Belief in the coming millennium was coextensive with revivalism. The eschatological framework of millennialism was the Revelation of St. John the Divine, which looked toward the great struggle between the forces of God and the devil that would culminate in the battle of Armageddon. This would usher in the rule of God and his saints, followed by the Last Judgment, the new heaven and the



The Yankee press had no qualms about linking the Confederacy with the Devil. Methodist Bishop Matthew Simpson wrote that now that the War was won "We must take the world in our arms and convert other nations to our true form of government."

new earth. Evangelicals of Lincoln's generation believed that the United States, established by God far from the corruptions and Antichrists of the Old World, was evidence of the coming of the millennium and was itself to be the Redeemer nation, destined to bring Protestant Christianity and American institutions to benighted humanity. They believed, moreover, that "only the labors of believers" would bring the millennium, "and if they proved laggard in their task, the millennium would be retarded."

The first order of business if America was to fulfill its divinely ordained role was self-purification. This led to an unprecedented era of reform movements, of which the antislavery crusade was by far the most influential. The slaveholding South, like the Catholic Church, was seen as a tool of the devil that must be overcome by the "antislavery gospel" --and it actually became a new gospel, the acceptance of which was the necessary mark of those whom God had

elected to everlasting life.

After thirty years of reform and revivals, which pictured Southerners as sunk in sin, corruption, and heresy, the Civil War came. "just before," one historian observed, "the time many commentators had predicted the millennium would begin." And when the war came, many saw it as the opening gun of Armageddon. The most famous Northern war song, Julia Ward Howe's "Battle Hymn of the Republic," contains a string of images straight from the Book of Revelation. The apocalyptic vision was aptly expressed in a Princeton religious journal of 1861:

[The war] is one of the last mighty strides of Providence towards the goal of humanity's final and high destiny. A few more such strides, a few more terrific struggles and travail pains among the nations; a few more such convulsions and revolutions, that shall break to pieces and destroy what remains of the inveterate and time-honored systems and confederations of sin

and Satan, and the friends of freedom may then lift up their heads and rejoice, for redemption draweth nigh.

A leading New York religious paper, *The Independent*, described the mood when Richmond fell to Grant's army:

Who can ever forget the day? Pentecost fell upon Wall Street, till the bewildered inhabitants suddenly spake in unknown tongues--singing the doxology to the tune of "Old Hundred"! Shall we ever see again such a mad, happy enthusiasm of a great nation drunken with the wine of glad news? The City of Richmond [had fallen], Babylon the Great, Mother of Harlots and Abominations of the Earth...Rejoice over her, thou heavens, and ye holy apostles and prophets: for God hath avenged you on her. And a mighty angel took up a great millstone, and cast it into the sea, saying, Thus with violence shall that great city be thrown down, and shall be found no more at all.

[Compare Revelation:17.5, 18.20-21.]

The conquered South, the newspaper argued, should be treated as "territory occupied by the Church of Rome or the followers of Mohammed." Missionaries were to be sent South to build a true church.

But that was only the beginning. Wrote one latter-day prophet, "The enemy to be assailed and vanquished is generally the same. In India and China it finds its embodiment in a pagan priesthood. In Europe it is the despotism of Rome. In America it is met in the system of African Slavery. Now in turn has this monster of sin come up in remembrance before Heaven and waits its final doom."

Today the South, tomorrow the world. And with Protestant Christianity would necessarily go our other God-given institutions. As Methodist Bishop Matthew Simpson said, the American flag would eventually fly "over the whole western hemisphere," and then "we must take the world in our arms, and convert all

other nations to our true form of government."

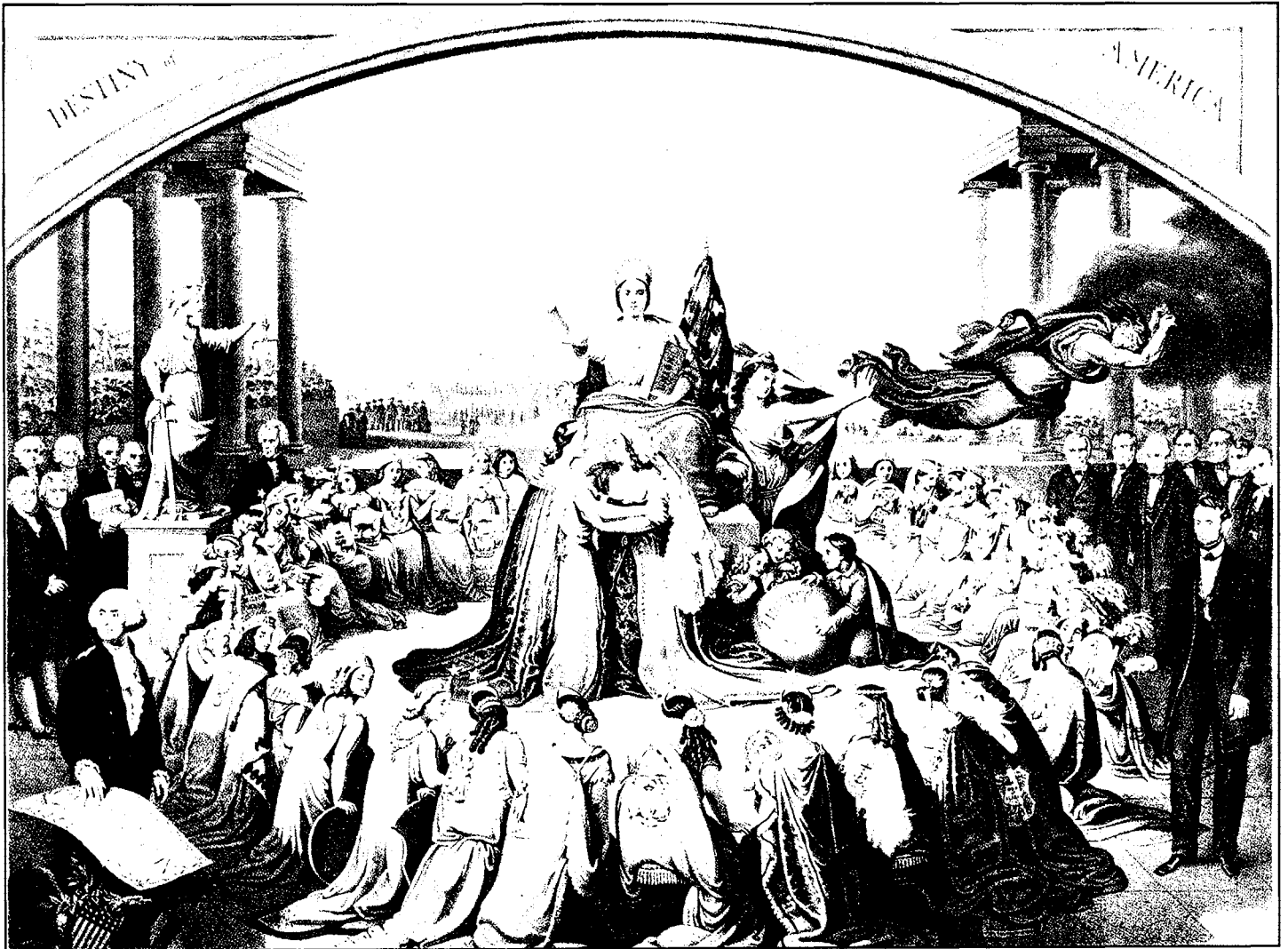
The political side of the millennialist movement can be seen in the belief that the American republic was both a harbinger of the millennium and a necessary instrument in redeeming the world. The true gospel could flourish only where our form of republican government also flourished. So political conversion was indistinguishable from religious conversion. Intrinsic to that republican system of government was an economic system: free labor, or entrepreneurial capitalism. God wanted his chosen people to prosper, and the millennium was to be a time of unprecedented plenty because of the "free labor" system. This is all very explicit in the literature of the time. Such a view of things blended smoothly with what might be called secular millennialism, a way of

looking at the world rooted in the eighteenth-century enlightenment rather than in St. John's Revelation, and reinforced by the economic developments of the antebellum period. Thomas Jefferson, like many of his generation, saw the United States as a unique empire of liberty, created in the midst of oppressive monarchies. He hoped that the rapid growth of American population would spread throughout the hemisphere, raising up other republics. The new world would be a bastion of free governments, separate from the dark tyrannies of the old. He believed in "the revolutionary nation's responsibilities to the freedom and peace and happiness of mankind." It was the reservoir of the natural rights of man.

By the 1850s this vision had become more detailed and more explicit, blending idealism and profit. A good capsule state-

ment is contained in the famous speech of William H. Seward in the debates on the Compromise of 1850. Then senator from New York, Seward would later be Lincoln's secretary of state. Like others before and after him, Seward announced that through commercial and other means the United States would renovate the governments and societies of Europe, Africa, and Asia, "and a new and more perfect civilization will arise to bless the earth, under the sway of our own cherished and beneficent democratic institutions."

The world view just summarized ran deep into our past. Is there any evidence that it persisted after the Civil War, that it continued to shape our national destiny? Of course, in the post-bellum years the country and the world changed and so new influences came to bear on how we looked at human affairs. But despite such



This War Between the States period painting "dedicated to the President and his cabinet" presents the South as a demon and proclaims the Union as America's "Destiny".

We will NEVER be sunk!

From the day of the birth of this Nation we have stood for, and will always stand steadfastly, for those Principles that will ultimately bring LIBERTY to all the WORLD.



"Grace Strong's Glory Picture" appeared in 1917. Victory in World War I was to allow all nations to model themselves on the United States.

changes, important elements of the 1850s world view persisted.

The Slave Power at last died, although for years after the war the Republicans insisted it was only sleeping. Great secret organizations like the Irish Catholic Molly Maguires and the dying Slave Power's Ku Klux Klan rose to trouble their dreams. The strikes and riots of the 1870s evoked frightening visions of communist revolution and anarchist plots. Gradually these faded. The Slave Power was at last not only dead but buried. The Irish Catholics, if not yet assimilated, were at least politically subdued. The Pope no longer seemed so dangerous. The Republican Party controlled the political machinery; the Democrats were becoming a chronic party of the "outs." Labor agitation had been successfully contained. The Knights of Labor, the most ambitious and ominous union yet seen, had collapsed.

Near the end of the century, however, events abroad revived and activated key beliefs from the 1850s, especially belief in the mission of the United States to the human race. Our sudden war with Spain and our remarkably easy victory struck many Americans as Paul had been struck on the road to Damascus. The scales fell from our eyes. God was point-

ing the way.

The pivotal event was Dewey's victory at Manila Bay. Admiral Dewey himself said the hand of God was in it. One religious journal declared: "The magnificent fleets of Spain have gone down as marvelously, I had almost said, as miraculously as the walls of Jericho went down." One exclaimed that the news read "almost like the stories of the ancient battles of the Lord in the times of Joshua, David and Jehosaphat." Another wrote; "To give to the world the life more abundant for here and hereafter is the duty of the American people by virtue of the call of God...The hand of God in history has ever been plain." In an attempt to justify the annexation of the Philippines, one journal proclaimed: "We have been morally compelled to become an Asiatic power." President McKinley reminded American negotiators in Paris,

We cannot be unmindful that without any design or desire on our part the war has brought us new duties and responsibilities which we must meet and discharge as becomes a great nation on whose growth and career from the beginning the Ruler of nations has plainly written the high command and pledge of civilization.

McKinley explained to a group of Methodist ministers how he had reached the momentous decision to take the Philippines:

I walked the floor of the White House night after night until midnight. And I am not ashamed to tell you gentlemen that I went down on my knees and prayed to Almighty God for light and guidance more than one night. And one night late it came to me this way--I don't know how it was, but it came: (1) that we could not give them [i.e. the Philippines] back to Spain--that would be cowardly and dishonorable; (2) that we could not turn them over to France or Germany--our commercial rivals in the Orient--that would be bad business and discreditable; (3) that we could not leave them to themselves--they were unfit for self-government--and they would soon have anarchy and misrule worse than Spain's was; (4) that there was nothing for us to do but to take them all, and to educate the Filipinos and uplift and civilize and Christianize them as our fellowmen for whom Christ also died. [Most Filipinos were already Roman Catholics]. And then I went to bed, and went to sleep, and slept soundly.

Perhaps the classic statement of America's divine mission was made by Senator Albert J. Beveridge of Indiana, fittingly a biographer of Lincoln, upon his return from the Philippines in 1900. He was answering those who said we should let those islands go.

We will not renounce our part in the mission of the race, trustee, under God, of the civilization of the world...Mr. President, self-government and internal development have been the dominant notes of our first century; administration and the development of other lands will be the dominant notes of our second century...He has made us [our race] the master organizers of the world to establish system where chaos reigns...He has made us adept in government that we may administer government among savage and senile peoples...And of all our race, He has marked the American people as His chosen Nation to finally lead in the regeneration of the world. This is the divine mission of America, and it holds for us all the profit, all the glory, all the happiness possible to man. We are trustees of the world's progress, guardians of its righteous peace. The judgment of the Master is upon us: "Ye have been faithful over a few things; I will make you ruler over many things."

The irony of the situation was lost on Beveridge: we had gone to war to rescue the Cubans who were fighting for independence from a nation across the sea. It was a brutal war, yet we presumably were continuing to fulfill our mission, as described by Beveridge and others, by doing the same things in the Philippines as the Spanish had been doing in Cuba.

Our divine mission was paramount in the war with Spain and its aftermath, but as usual it was one side of a coin--the other being the evil conspiracies that we were compelled to overthrow if our mission was to be fulfilled. When we entered World War I, government propaganda told Americans they were fighting a secret conspiracy that had somehow got control of the German people and that had for its master plan the conquest of the whole

world. A wave of spy-scares and super-patriotism swept the nation. Then when Germany was defeated, the coin was flipped and our mission came forward, with Woodrow Wilson as the new Messiah. Son of a Presbyterian minister, Wilson had early absorbed the concept of the Chosen People whom he would now lead in a crusade to "make the world safe for democracy," i.e., to allow all nations to model themselves on the United States. This would *ipso facto* put an end to war, because our system was moral and righteous, and war was caused only by immoral and evil regimes. During his speaking tour to urge upon the people the necessity for joining the League of Nations, he told one crowd:

I wish [the opponents of the League] could feel the moral obligation that rests upon us not to go back on those boys [American soldiers] but to see the thing through and make good their redemption of the world. For nothing less depends upon this decision, nothing less than the liberation and salvation of the world.

There was, he continued, a "halo" around the gun over the mantle, the gun the soldier had brought home from France. The world had accepted American soldiers as crusaders. It was their infinite privilege to fulfill their destiny and save the world.

The First World War raised up the menace that would take precedence over anything in the past (with the possible exception of the Slave Power) as the greatest conspiracy of all: communism. The communist revolution in Russia in 1917, the spread of political radicalism in the midst of post-war turmoil in Central and Eastern Europe, the formation of the Third International, plus post-war strikes in the United States, led to what historians call the "First Red Scare," which was seemingly made credible by several acts of terrorism. Widespread public alarm, mob violence, anti-radical state laws, reports by Attorney General Palmer of gigantic communist plots -- to a great many Americans it seemed that the United States was in danger of a Red take over. (Incidentally, while Americans were looking under their beds for communist spies, 15,000 United States soldiers were in Russia for the purpose, among other things, of aiding counter revolutionary

forces.)

This hysteria was just that; it can only be understood within the context of the American penchant for believing in conspiracies. In the light of the facts, the panic was absurd. Absurd or not, it helped to contribute to some of the less attractive aspects of the 1920s: attempts to force the nation to conform to the traditional WASP model: anti-Catholicism, anti-Judaism, anti-foreignism, anti-evolutionism, anti-liquor, anti-organized labor, anti-"radicalism", pro-"100% Americanism," textbook burnings, and loyalty-oaths. These attitudes, in some ways, recall the North of the 1850s.

Then, of course, came the Great Depression. The activities of foreigners, communists or fascists, were well down on the list of worries, even when the fulminations of Gerald L.K. Smith and Father Coughlin are taken into account. With the disillusioning outcome of the war to end wars and make the world safe for democracy, it was no longer so easy to tell the good guys from the bad guys. When we entered World War II, the Soviet Union was our ally and so communism was no longer seen to be a threat. Did not our own Office of War Information describe Russia as one of the "freedom-loving democracies"? And when the Axis was crushed and the United Nations established, it looked as if the world had after all come to its senses, that it would be America writ large, a democratic federal republic, and thus would enter a permanent era of peace and prosperity--the millennium (though that word was not used).

But it did not happen. The Soviet Union did not remodel itself along American lines. It stood revealed as frighteningly, aggressively un-American, the source of a whole alien philosophy, anti-Christian and anti-capitalist, that was spreading like wildfire. The persistence and spread of Soviet-affiliated socialism set off familiar reactions: the belief that an alien conspiracy was responsible for everything bad that was happening. This great conspiracy, as always, was a deadly threat to everything we hold dear, and its goal was nothing less than the subjugation of the whole world

and the imposition of its system everywhere. The source of this evil was the Soviet Union. Every manifestation of communism could be traced to that original source. Therefore communism was unified in its objectives; it was, as the phrase went, monolithic communism—all part of the same conspiracy, as the conspiracies of Satan always are. Since communism was determined to spread, we had to contain it. And because its philosophy and system were so obviously wrong and unworkable, if we contained it long enough, we could push it back, and eventually it would collapse. Lincoln had said much the same thing of the Slave Power Conspiracy in his famous House Divided speech. Nothing less would be acceptable, because the world would either become all slave or all free. There can be no compromise with evil, for then evil will triumph.

There is much in this that cannot be

denied: the political and social system of the U.S.S.R. was utterly different from ours, as much so as Czarist Russia had been, perhaps. The utter ruthlessness of Stalinism is everywhere acknowledged—not least by the Russians. And there can be no doubt that the U.S.S.R. promoted the establishment of repressive socialist/communist regimes in other countries, and that it looked toward a world built on the Soviet model. Furthermore, the Soviets' "theology," like ours, told them that they must win in the end. They, too, had the millennialist dreams. However, to believe everything that happens contrary to our vision of what the world should be like is the result of any great conspiracy, capitalist or communist, is not to see the world as it is, and decisions based on such a shadow play are apt to produce, as they did in the 1850s, unexpected and unwanted results.

Like the antebellum conflict

between North and South, the Cold War has gone through many phases that should have been hard to fit into a rigid formula. The communist monolith cracked here and there: Yugoslavia, Albania, and then the giant Red China fell away from the U.S.S.R. Although our announced policy fluctuated from the containment of Kennan to the liberation of Dulles to the legitimacy (with credibility) of Kissinger, for the most part we still held fast to our original assumptions and did not worry about these incongruities. It is true that things began to seem a little less simple than before; the old stereotypes and generalizations seemed a little out of touch with the facts. But it was Vietnam that shook us most deeply. Instead of being greeted as the redeemer of Vietnam, we were depicted as a great bully raining death on a small and impoverished nation in a war of saturation bombing, Agent Orange, and body counts. Instead of Bunker Hill, we had My

Lai, and instead of a nation rallying to support the righteous cause of Americanism, we saw a divided nation demanding an end to a war that seemed to have no meaning. We went to Vietnam, we said, to give the Vietnamese a free choice, but while the enemy fought tenaciously for their beliefs, our allies seemed unwilling to die for their right to choose the American way. Faith in our ability to prevail was shaken: we put forth our strength in Vietnam and ended by escaping from the roof of the American embassy in Saigon. Then, to cap the climax, came the seizure of American hostages in Iran and our powerlessness to resolve the situation.

Consequently, many Americans came to be uncertain about our role in the world, humiliated by our failures abroad, disturbed by dissension at home, uneasy, directionless, suffering from "malaise." Had we failed in our mission? Did we really have one? Was the American



Following World War II, in this cartoon we see Uncle Sam mourning the dead and contemplating Lincoln's rhetoric on the coming of the new age.

way after all the light of the world?

These Americans were ripe for a leader who would reaffirm our role and purpose in the world, reaffirm our righteousness and righteousness, reaffirm the continuing deadly danger of the evil, godless communist conspiracy, still spreading, still growing in strength, and who would make us once again the most powerful nation on earth. They were waiting for a leader who would do for them what Lincoln did for Republicans in 1858 in his House Divided speech. Was it not this that swept Ronald Reagan into office in 1980? Americans returned to a way of looking at the world and our own country that bears some remarkable resemblances to the Republican world-view of the 1850s.

Mr. Reagan was ideal for this role. His vision of the world had not been altered by the shifting tides of the Cold War or the failure in Vietnam. He was welcomed by a resurgent religiosity, much of it a fundamentalism so reminiscent of the 1850s. At the 1980 Republican convention, Jerry Falwell announced that Reagan and Bush were God's instruments in rebuilding America, while the preceding speaker had described the Republicans as "the prayer party." At a prayer breakfast Reagan announced that politics and religion were necessarily related, and that "without God, democracy will not and cannot long endure." Reagan also said during his campaign that "this country...is hungry for a spiritual revival --one nation under God, indivisible."

At the inauguration, Reagan's personal minister stated that Reagan was chosen of God, and Reagan himself passed this along to the nation: it was chosen of God too. He proclaimed our moral superiority over any totalitarian society. The only morality the Russians recognized, Reagan announced in 1983, "is that which will further their cause, which is world revolution." Those who lived in "totalitarian darkness," he said, were the "focus of evil in the world," comprising an "evil empire," and the struggle against it was "the struggle between right and wrong, good and evil." "There is sin and evil in the world and we are enjoined by Scripture and the Lord

Jesus to oppose it with all our might." Reagan said there could be no compromise. He told of "hearing a young father, a very prominent young man in the entertainment world," tell a California group that he "would rather see my little girls die now, still believing in God, than have them grow up under communism and one day die no longer believing in God." Wherever in the world people have been enjoying democracy and religious worship, he declared, it has been due to "the protection of the United States military."

This way of thinking was not confined to Reagan, but was echoed by other high officials and presumably shared by still more who have not yet been heard from. When the American Marines were attacked in Beirut, Admiral James D. Watkins, Chief of Naval Operations, blamed the deaths of 241 marines on "the forces of the anti-Christ." "I have read the Book of Revelation," said Secretary of Defense Caspar Weinberger to a Harvard student, "and, yes, I believe the world is going to end--by an act of God. I hope--but every day I think that time is running out...I worry that we will not have enough time to prevent nuclear war...I think time is running out...but I have faith."

Reagan cited the Bible (Luke 14: 31-32) for the need for more defense spending, saying, "I don't think the Lord that blessed this country as no other country has ever been blessed intends for us to someday negotiate because of our weakness." Nor did Reagan shrink from contemplating the battle of Armageddon. Some have counted perhaps a dozen or more times when the President said that Armageddon might be near. He had looked at the old prophecies, he said, and studied "the signs foretelling Armageddon, and I find myself wondering if we are the generation that is going to see that come about."

It was the old, familiar pattern: the irrepressible conflict, the war between good and evil; the great conspiracy overspreading the world; not seeing large facts that do not fit; simple explanations for complex events; an inability to distinguish between the important and unimportant; tainting all who disagree with at least unconscious disloyalty; taking to ourselves the responsibility for saving the world; defining salvation as a particular

set of political, economic, and social institutions. The 1850s had come again.

Then in Reagan's second term the world somehow seemed to change. Talk of Armageddon was heard no more. The advent of Gorbachev, glasnost, and perestroika, of Soviet initiatives in nuclear weapons reduction -- things such as these had startling effects. The man who had hurled anathemas at the Evil Empire appeared in Moscow and was photographed speaking beneath a bust of Lenin. Asked by a reporter if he still believed the Soviets were the Evil Empire, Mr. Reagan just said, "No." The man who had so powerfully revived the nation's dormant faith in the unique mission of the Chosen People, the need to battle the great conspiracy, now warmly embraced the wielder of what just yesterday had been the deadliest weapon of the anti-Christ.

Had the Soviet Union seen the light? Was it undergoing conversion, regeneration, was it in the process of being born again in the image of our righteous republic, preparing at last to embrace the true faith of capitalism and Christianity? Or were these changes merely apparent, a shift in strategy by the infinitely cunning and treacherous minions of Hell, nothing more than another attempt to lull our suspicions and undermine our defenses? Had the President been deceived by the Russians, aided perhaps by the covert liberals in his own party, perhaps someone even closer to him? Aware of these fears, Mr. Reagan assured the faithful that he would take nothing on trust, that everything must be verified, he would deal from strength, and so forth. The chilling menace of Nicaragua's Marxists-Leninists was reaffirmed, while Libya's Muammar Qaddafi was brought up in remembrance again as a sort of battered substitute Satan.

Surely these can scarcely be satisfying stand-ins for the Evil Empire for those who may be called the Apocalyptic Americans. The effect on them has been much the same as it would have been on Republicans in the 1850s if Abraham Lincoln, in his House Divided speech, had not attested his belief in the Slave Power Conspiracy, and had instead told his party that the South, while it would bear watching, was reforming itself along New England lines, but that although the Slave Power threat was receding, he would reso-

lutely deal with the continuing danger to national security posed by the Sioux and the Apaches. One can imagine the psychic trauma produced by the resulting cognitive dissonance.

The convictions of Apocalyptic Americans, however, are of flinty durability. They know that this is not the first time false prophets have cast dust in the eyes of the nation, when events have seemed to discredit their eschatology. They know that Armageddon must come before Satan is bound. Even those who have never heard of Revelation or Armageddon know that, for in these people the apocalyptic vision seems to fill

some deep emotional craving not necessarily derived from religious conviction. They will not allow their belief in gigantic evil conspiracies to be taken from them; after all, everyone needs something to believe in.

They will watch and wait. Gorbachev may fail, there may be a reactionary coup in the Kremlin, arms reduction talks may collapse, a Marxist-Leninist revolution may overwhelm Mexico: many things may occur to show that the Evil Empire is alive and well. Then, as has happened before, they will be vindicated and will bring forth a new leader who will prepare the people to do battle for the

Lord. And all nations will see the light and become just like us. The millennium will have arrived: the Chosen People's final triumph in the great war that began so long ago in Charleston harbor. Then the South, now at last the world. ☉

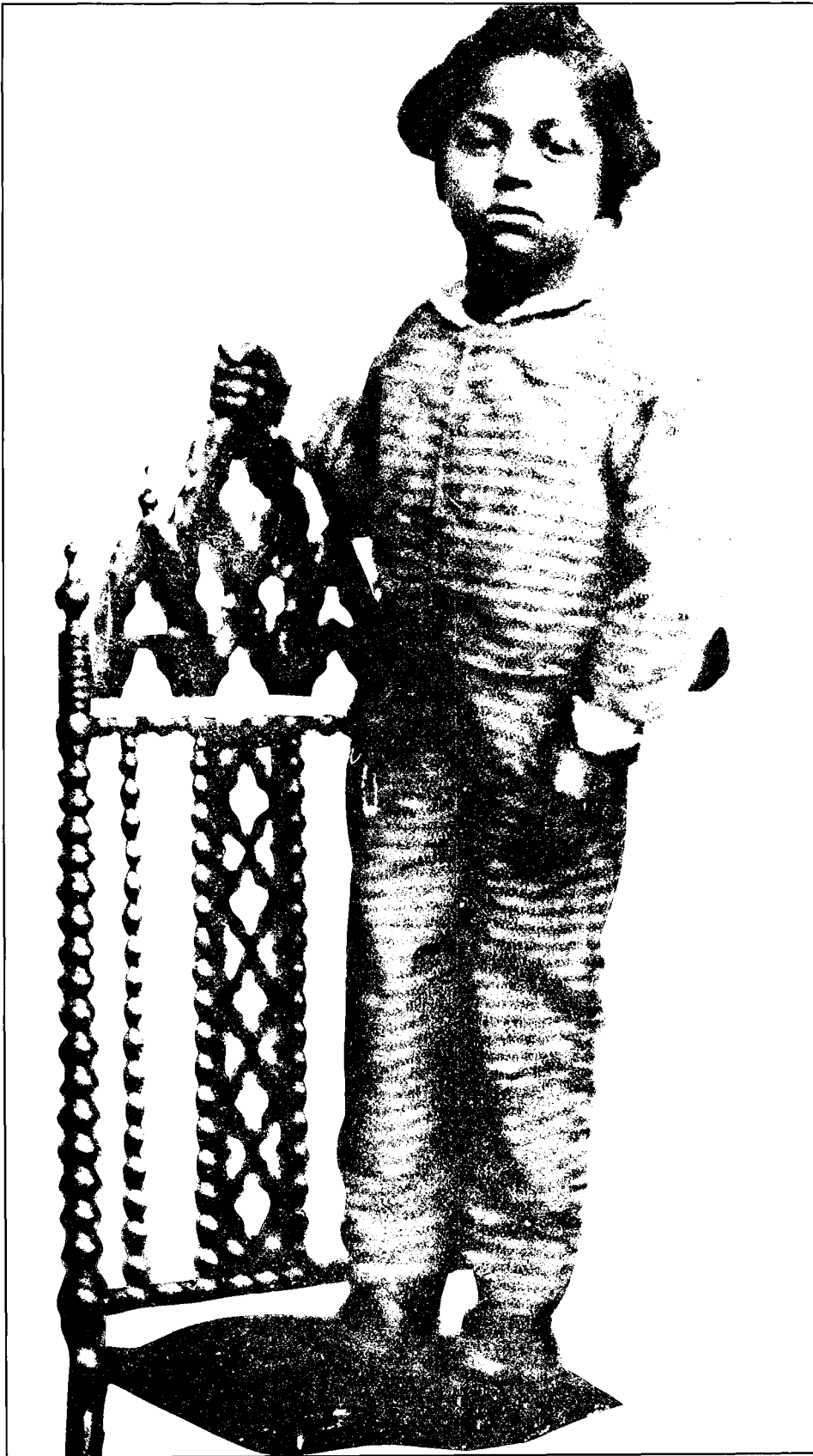
The writer is indebted to James G. Moorhead, *American Apocalypse: Yankee Protestants and the Civil War, 1861-1869* (1978), and Ernest L. Tuveson, *Redeemer Nation: America's Millennial Role* (1968) both for ideas and for quotations from the religious press and leaders of the 1860's.



In this more modern cartoon, "The Struggle Goes On", "The Emancipator" confronts the newest "conspiracy".

"JIM LIMBER DAVIS"

BY PEGGY ROBBINS



ELEANOR S. BROCKENBROUGH LIBRARY, THE MUSEUM OF THE CONFEDERACY, RICHMOND VIRGINIA

On the morning of February 15, 1864, Varina Davis, wife of Confederate President Jefferson Davis, returning from an errand, was riding in her carriage toward her Richmond home, the White House of the Confederacy, when she saw a small, thin, screaming Negro boy being savagely beaten by a Negro man. Mrs. Davis quickly had her carriage stopped; she ran to the scene, stunned the man with her bold, harsh demand that he immediately stop striking the boy, physically took the child away from the man and to her carriage, and returned with him to the White House. There she and her maid Ellen tenderly bathed and comforted him, doctored his cuts, and fed him. They guessed he was about the age of—perhaps a little older than—the Davises' son Joe, who was two months short of five; the two were about the same height. Varina told Ellen that she would "do terrible things" to anyone who treated her Joe as cruelly as the "wicked man" had treated the little boy they were doctoring. Both women were delighted to see the child's "satisfied appearance"; he seemed "so pleased to have fallen into kind hands."

On the evening of the next day, noted Southern diarist Mary Boykin Chesnut, an intimate friend of Varina's, wrote that she had visited with the Davises at the White House and had seen Jim Limber. She wrote, "The child is an orphan Mrs. Davis rescued yesterday from his brutal Negro guardian."



VARINA DAVIS, WIFE OF JEFFERSON DAVIS

He was proudly dressed up in little Joe's clothes and happy as a lord. He was very anxious to show me his wounds and bruises...There are some things in life too sickening, and such cruelty is one of them."

No one in Richmond was surprised to hear that Varina Davis, with her husband's total approval, had snatched the Negro boy away from his tormentor and settled him in as a member of the Presidential household, and that the Davises had virtually adopted him. Varina, whom Mary Chesnut described as "so clever, so brilliant, so spicy and spirited, so very warm-hearted, compassionate and considerate," was well-known for her efforts in behalf of children. People liked to tell about her urging the Davis children to invite youngsters--any youngsters--to the White House grounds to play. Some recalled the day of Varina's first arrival in Richmond, in May 1861. As her carriage rolled by, a little girl tried to toss a tiny bouquet to her, but the flowers missed the carriage and fell on the roadside. Varina,

the Confederacy's First Lady, had the carriage--and those following it--stopped while the flowers were picked up and brought to her and she waved her thanks to the little girl. Varina said she got "great pleasure in seeing sadness or disappointment on a child's face change to a happy smile." She undoubtedly saw such that day.

At the time the capital of the Confederacy was moved from Montgomery to Richmond--and the First Family along with it--Varina and Jefferson Davis had been married sixteen years. During the first seven of those years the couple produced no children, which was a constant and very deep concern to Varina, who was the second child in a family with eleven children and who wanted many children of her own--all of which may have contributed to her great happiness when the babies did start coming. Jefferson, too, was delighted. The last of his parents' ten children, he shared his wife's satisfac-

tion in parenthood. The Davises' first child, Sam, who, wrote Varina, "made his father almost dance with the joy of fatherhood," became sick a short time before his second birthday with some mysterious disease of which the doctors knew nothing, and, after three weeks spent in desperate efforts to save him, died in June 1854. It was a terrible time for the Davises. Varina could "violently weep," but Jefferson was "too rigidly self-controlled" to do that. For a long time, Varina wrote, "he walked half the night, and worked fiercely all day. A child's cry in the street well-nigh drove him mad." Only the fact that another baby was on the way sustained the couple.

Varina's second baby, a girl they named Margaret, was born on February 25, 1855; she was a great comfort to her parents, who called her "Maggie." On January 16, 1857, Jefferson Davis, Jr., arrived. He was described a few weeks later by his mother: "Jeffy! He's the sweetest little thing you ever saw and good as gold." Then, on April 18, 1859, Joseph, "Dear, sweet little Joe," was born. "My little Joey seems blessed to me," said Varina. William, "Wonderful little Billy," arrived on December 16, 1861, on the top floor of the White House in Richmond.

These were the four Davis children who warmly welcomed Jim Limber into their number in February 1864. The newcomer could tell the Davises nothing about himself except his name, but Jefferson Davis, through an investigation, found out that he was a "little orphan free Negro boy." The President, Varina said, "went to the Mayor's office and had 'free' papers for the child registered to insure Jim against getting into the power of the oppressor again." Jim Limber was a "true member" of the Davis household and every member of the family loved him. Further, one of the household servants had "made herself a second mother to him."

A number of children living in Richmond during the war years long afterwards remembered the Confederate White House as "a wonderful home to visit." In addition to the Davis children, there were always some--sometimes many--of Varina's and

Jefferson's young relatives in residence. Varina was a rather lax disciplinarian; she did so want the children to have fun. She had a few rules they had to follow, but they were just simple, basic rules of good behavior. The President was no disciplinarian at all! Once, after little Maggie, then very young, bothered the family dog, he snapped at her and gave her a hard pinch with his teeth, after which she lay down on the floor beside him until he was asleep, and then bit him hard on the nose! Varina reprimanded her, to which she replied, "I wish I could see my father; he would let me be bad." Varina, much later, told Jefferson about the incident, and "the time Maggie bit the dog" became his favorite of the many tales he told about his children.

Some of the Richmond children recalled that Varina was a wonderful storyteller and a delightful leader of old folksongs that required the singers to make animal noises--barks, meows, screeches, moos, and baas. Jim Limber was a "champion screecher." A few days after Jim moved to the White House a Richmond youth, thinking he was "mildly teasing" the boy, called him "Jim Limber Davis," but Jim wasn't teased at all--he liked being called that! There was no real teasing or mistreatment of Jim Limber--Jeff and Joe saw to that! Maggie, too, was very protective of Jim. She made it quite plain to the little girls who came to visit her that she was as fond of Jim as the boys were, and that they'd better be kind and friendly to him. They *were*. Jim and Joe, Joe whom Varina described as "sweet, thoughtful, considerate son, so much like his father," were particularly close playmates. They were always side-by-side at family picnics, parties, prayer periods, and "Sunday afternoons."

The President and his wife, as busy as they both were, tried to reserve Sunday afternoons for a time they could rest quietly in their beautiful terraced fruit-and-flower garden and watch the children play. Jefferson was a bit disturbed that the boys had as their favorite game one they called "Killin' Yankees," in which they set up all sorts of objects to represent Yankees and hurled rocks and a variety

of other "bullets" at them; but Varina was not bothered. As she pointed out, Confederate officers and couriers were going in and out of the White House daily, and even the servants and the Richmond children talked about battles and the like; she had not tried to shield them from the basic facts of the war, which was as it should be, and it was only natural that they should play at killing Yankees.

Soon after coming to the White House, Jim

Limber became a member of the "Hill Cats," a small group of youngsters whose homes were fine houses on the hill which sloped down from the White House. At the foot of the hill were far more modest homes in which lived the "Butcher Cats." The Hill Cats and the Butcher Cats occasionally engaged in warfare, which, once or twice, resulted in bloodshed. One day Jim Limber, like Jeff and Joe, came in with a bloody face; Jim's also bore a wonderfully proud, happy smile. Varina said later that Hill Cat Jim had quite obviously helped his buddies win the battle. She "forgot" to tell Jefferson about the children's bloody fight. Varina had pictures taken of all the children, and Jim Limber's, which now is the property of the Confederate Museum in Richmond, shows an attractive, rather delicate face with a serious expression, but Jim was "usually all smiles" at the Davis home.

In the spring of 1864, Varina, worried because Jefferson was troubled and depressed about war news and was not sleeping well or eating properly, started carrying a nourishing lunch to his office each day and refusing to leave until he stopped work and ate it. On April 30, she left the boys--Maggie was on an outing with Mrs. Chesnut--in the care of Catherine, the family's Irish nurse, and went as usual



VARINA DAVIS, DAUGHTER OF JEFFERSON DAVIS

to Jefferson's office. About ten minutes after she arrived, one of the servants rushed in crying that Joe had climbed up on the gallery railing, slipped, and fallen to the brick walkway below; he had hit his head and was unconscious. "Sweet, dear, affectionate little Joey" died without regaining consciousness two or three minutes after his frantically distressed parents reached his side. The nurse Catherine lay on the walkway beside him. A neighbor who arrived on the scene said Jeff sobbed to her, "I have said all the prayers I know, but God will not wake Joe."

Varina wrote later that she and Jefferson were "in a terrible shock, paralyzed by the blow." But, she said, she still went on "in something of a daze." Maggie arrived home and began screaming, and Varina, who was far along in another pregnancy, "came back to reality." She stayed very busy as she comforted Jefferson, Maggie, Jeff, Billy, and Jim Limber through the painful days following Joe's death, even though she herself was "still in something of a daze at times." Jim Limber, who now "stayed close to Jeff, and the two seemed to gradually get strength from each other," was with the Davises at Joe's funeral and burial. He grieved with them, cried with them, and prayed with them.

The President, fortunately, had to think of things other than his son's death. Right after Joe's funeral, Sherman started his march to Atlanta, Grant crossed the Rapidan River in his northern Virginia campaign, and Butler sailed up the James toward Richmond. (As it turned out, the last need not have been a serious concern to the President, but of course he could not know that.)

One morning after Jefferson, on his way to the field, where a desperate attempt was being made to hold back Sherman's raiders, rushed into the White House to get his pistols, Varina told the children, including two-year-old Billy, to kneel with her and pray. They all knelt, but then seven-year-old Jeff and five-year-old Jim Limber jumped up. Jeff said, "Please, mother, have my pony saddled and let me go out to help father; we can pray later." Jim nodded and grabbed Jeff's hand--he was going, too! Varina tried hard not to sob as she held the three boys and Maggie close to her bosom, but didn't quite make it.

On June 27, 1864, the Davises' sixth and last baby, Varina Anne Davis, later to become known as the "Daughter of the Confederacy," was born in a second-floor bedroom of the White House. She was promptly nicknamed "Piecake," which was later changed to "Winnie." Varina wrote Mary Chesnut: "I must brag a little

about my baby. Piecake is so soft, so good, and so very lady-like...She is white as a lily, and has such exquisite hands and feet, and such bright blue eyes." Varina and Jefferson, Maggie and the three boys were "all in a sad and anxious state now," but Piecake was bringing a bit of cheer to everyone. Jim Limber was, of course, one of the "three boys."

During the next eight months, as the Confederacy fell apart and the Davises met one problem right after another, including the severe financial stress prevalent throughout Richmond, Jim Limber retained his status as a full family member. That is well evidenced by the many references to him in letters written by the Davises to friends and relatives. They wrote of him matter-of-factly, but fondly, as one of "our great gang of children." Included in a letter ten-year-old Maggie wrote to her brother Jeff on March 11, 1865, while Jeff was on a several-days' trip in the company of his cousin, Brigadier General Joseph R. Davis, to visit soldiers in the trenches, was "Jim Limber sends his love to you."

Christmas of 1864 brought Varina a particularly difficult problem: How could she provide presents for the children? Then, she wrote many years later, before she had even begun to solve *that*, "like a clap of thunder out of a clear sky came the information that the orphans at the Episcopalian

Home had been promised a Christmas tree, and toys, candy, and cake must be provided for them." She, with her usual courageous spirit and with the support of the boys and Maggie--"even Piecake brightly smiled her approval"--and of her sister Maggie Howell, who was then living with the Davises, "dug in to accomplish the impossible." Broken toys were collected "from everywhere" to be repaired. Maggie Howell and about twenty young men and women she knew gathered around tables in the White House drawing room and, while some worked at fixing up old items as the children brought them in, others made paper cornucopias and pasted pretty little pictures around them. These cornucopias were later used to hold tiny squares of homemade candy wrapped in papers bearing such simple sentiments as "Roses are red, violets blue, sugar is sweet and so are you." A neighbor who melted wax and made wee Christmas-tree candles recalled years later that the day she took them to the White House, "Jim Limber was busy as a bee and happy as a lark."

Varina wrote that the young workers in the drawing room "furnished some small drooping toy feathered chickens and parrots with bright new tail feathers, supplied lambs minus much of their wool with a cotton substitute, and plumped out and recovered rag dolls with clean cloth; and the young ladies painted the dolls' fat faces in bright colors and furnished them with beads for eyes." The Davis children made long strings of popcorn and tied string loops to red apples so they could be hung on the tree.

The tree was set up in the basement of St. Paul's Church, decorated, and gifts were piled beneath it. On Christmas evening, the orphans were brought to the church; they were awed by the tree's "grandeur" and delighted with their presents. The Davis children, Maggie Howell and her friends, and Varina "immensely enjoyed the orphans' party." That morning the Davis children had been very pleased to find homemade toys in *their* stockings. Varina had even managed to



WHITE HOUSE OF THE CONFEDERACY, RICHMOND

come up with a small gift for each of the servants, as well as a small serving of eggnog--that because the stable boy had told her he and the others didn't know how they were going to get along without at least "a little wineglass of eggnog." For Jim Limber, it was by far the greatest Christmas he'd ever had; sad to think, it probably was the *only* nice Christmas he'd ever have.

In the latter part of March 1865, Jefferson told Varina she would have to flee South with the children, No, he could not, would not, allow her to stay with him; he must, he said, "take care of our babies." If he lived, he added, they could come to him "when the struggle ends." Following his instructions for the journey, she packed little except bedding and clothing, leaving all her beloved household treasures to fall into enemy hands. "Jefferson," she wrote in her *Memoir*, "gave me a pistol and showed me how to load, aim, and fire it." There was no decision as to where she and the children should go. Jefferson told her, if she could not find a place she felt was safe, to "make for the Florida coast and take a ship for a foreign country."

"With hearts bowed down by despair," she recalled, "we left Richmond by train about ten o'clock in the evening." With Varina were Jeff, Maggie, Billy, Winnie, Jim Limber, Maggie Howell, several servants, including Ellen the maid and James Jones the coachman, and the two young daughters of Confederate Secretary of the Treasury George A. Trenholm; Trenholm had put the girls in Varina's care to get them safely on their way to South Carolina. Jefferson had sent Burton Harrison, his secretary, along to escort the party as far as Charlotte, North Carolina. The train had only three cars, one of which carried Varina's carriage horses.

The train had not gone far before "the worn-out engine gave out on a grade, and there we sat all night." It rained, the baggage car leaked, and all their bedding was soaked. The next day the engineer got the train started, and they finally, two days later, reached



THE DAVIS CHILDREN. FROM LEFT TO RIGHT: JEFFERSON, MARGARET, WINNIE, AND BILLY.

Charlotte. Varina sent mail, including messages from all the children, back to Jefferson by Harrison. Most people in Charlotte, in fear of being punished by the Yankees, did not come forward to help the refugees, but, fortunately, Varina had an old, faithful friend there who sent food for them all, and another who found them an old house to rest in a few days. Then they struggled on southward. During the forty days after they left Richmond they traveled about 500--miles by train, in an ambulance wagon pulled by Varina's horses, and on foot.

Varina remembered, "I walked five miles in the darkness in mud over my shoe tops with my cheerful little baby in my arms, and the other children trudging alongside." At many stops kind friends gave them food and provided sleeping quarters, but at many others they could find no help at all. Acquiring food was the biggest problem; at one time Varina had to pay a dollar each for the children to have a glass of milk and one biscuit, at another a dollar for each glass of milk alone. The group slept several times on church floors and many times in abandoned buildings. "We finally reached

Abbeville, South Carolina, all more dead than alive," she wrote. There the party received a "wonderfully heartfelt welcome...The people urged me with tears in their eyes to share with them the little that they had." Particularly did everyone generously supply the needs of the children. The travelers decided to halt for a short time in Abbeville before continuing southward. Twice after that they, very frightened, had to hide from Yankee raiders.

During all this traveling period Varina was able to keep up a correspondence with Jefferson; Confederate officers carried their messages back and forth. The messages were in part love letters; in addition, Jefferson wrote her of the problems of the dying Confederacy and she wrote him details about the children--except that she played down the extent of the difficulties they were all having. The children missed him very much, but they were all well and getting along all right; Piecake was still "the sweetest little thing in the world," and Jeff, Billy and Jim Limber were "fast friends as ever." In late April she wrote from Abbeville that Maggie sent him "a thousand loves" and "Jim Limber is

thriving, but bad."

Jefferson Davis left Richmond, accompanied by members of his staff, just hours before the city was occupied by Union forces. He forged southward, trying to catch up with his family, and he and the six men still with him did join the family at their tent camp near Milledgeville, Georgia.

"When we heard Jefferson's voice calling to us," wrote Varina, "we thought it was the most beautiful sound in the world." Jefferson traveled on with them, sometimes a few miles ahead, for a few days. Then, on May 10, all the party were captured by Union cavalry near Irwinville, in southern Georgia.

The Davises and Jim Limber were taken to Macon and, after one night, on

to Port Royal, outside Savannah. "Of the horrors and sufferings of the journey it is impossible to speak," Varina said soon thereafter. Before reaching Macon, a member of their Union escort, Captain Charles T. Hudson, "an extremely rude and offensive man, certainly no military *gentleman*, threatened to take Jim Limber away from us... and keep him as his own," but Varina kept the children from knowing anything about the threats. On reaching Port Royal, the Davises sent an appeal to an old and trusted friend there, United States General Rufus Saxton, to take charge of Jim, lest Hudson get his hands on the boy. That did not work out, probably because there was no time.

Captain Hudson and other Union

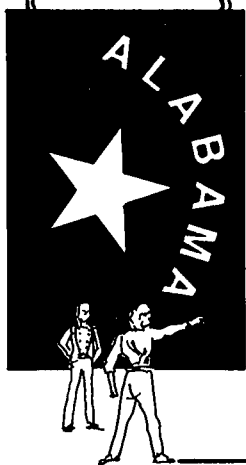
officers *did* roughly take the boy. When Jim Limber learned he was to be separated from "his family," he protested wildly; he clung to the Davis boys and they to him; and he "fought like a little tiger" as he was forcibly removed by the Union men. The Davis children, sobbing uncontrollably, had their last sight of him as he struggled and screamed to get back to them. The Davises were told only that Jim would be "sent back to Washington."

During the Davises' following painful, troubled-filled months and years, they were unable to learn what had happened to Jim Limber. There were mentions of him in Northern newspapers, but all were false. One said the boy was "one of Jefferson Davis' poor slaves" who would take to his grave the scars from beatings by the Davises. Varina said she was sure that Jim Limber had explained to the Northerners that the scars were from beatings from which she had rescued him, "for the affection was mutual between us, and we had never punished him."

In the decades following the War, after Jefferson was released from prison and the Davises were settled, they tried many times in several different ways to locate Jim, but failed. They were still trying in 1890; that year Varina wrote that the family still prayed for him, and talked often about him, always hoping the man "lovable little Jim Limber had grown into has been successful in the world." ☪

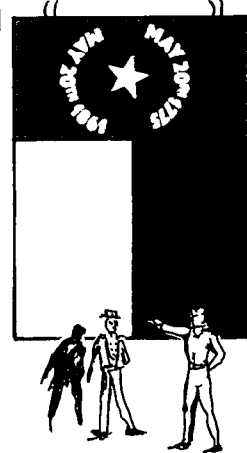
Peggy Robbins is a freelance writer in Gulfport, Mississippi.





An Affair of Honor.

By Stuart Wright



Whosoever committeth murder by the way of duel shall suffer death by hanging; and if he were the challenger, his body, after death, shall be gibbeted. He who removeth it from the gibbet shall be guilty of a misdemeanor, and the officer shall see that it is replaced.

-----Thomas Jefferson, *Virginia Crimes Bill* (1779)

Article 25. No officer or soldier shall send a challenge to another officer or soldier to fight a duel, or accept a challenge if sent, upon pain, if a commissioned officer, of being cashiered; if a non-commissioned officer or soldier, of suffering corporal punishment, at the discretion of a court-martial.

-----Articles of War, *Regulations for the Army of the Confederate States* (1861)

The Yankee capture of Stribling's Battery had become the talk of the Confederate Army. Captain L. R. Terrell of Alabama was spreading the word that the men of the 55th North Carolina had "acted cowardly...and fled before the enemy without fighting...in violation of orders." Captain John Cussons, also of Alabama, apparently agreed with Terrell's view.

The accusatory statement of Terrell and Cussons quickly reached Colonel John K. Connally of the 55th North Carolina. Immediately, the Colonel rode over to General Law's headquarters, where the general confirmed that Captains Terrell and Cussons of his staff had indeed accused the North Carolinians of cowardice. "Well, its a d----d lie," Colonel Connally roared, "and I will see them about it."

He immediately sought out the two Alabama captains and confronted them at their tent. (General Law and William

Oates, who reported this encounter, were also present.) Captain Terrell without hesitation admitted making the report and said that he would neither retract nor modify it. Cussons, "a tall, long-haired, wild looking Englishman," as Oates recollected him, blandly denied having made such a report, but, with a smile, added that "if you gave your men orders to retire when the enemy appeared in their front, they obeyed orders d----d promptly last night."

The Colonel was furious. "I hold you responsible, sir, for that remark," he challenged. Cussons, as if acting out a scene from a Sir Walter Scott novel, replied with a low bow, "All right, Colonel, I will be most happy to accommodate you." Connally remounted his horse and raced back to his men.

A half-hour later, according to Oates's account, Major A. H. Belo of the 55th North Carolina returned to the Alabama camp and delivered challenges to the two captains. The time had come to settle the



Brigadier General Evander Law commanded the Alabama regiments.

matter on the field of honor.

The duel took place in an old field less than a mile to the north and rear of the 48th Alabama's camp, about ten o'clock on a clear late April morning. It had been previously arranged that Colonel Connally would face Captain Terrell; and Major Belo, Captain Cussons. Captain E. Fletcher Satterfield acted as his colonel's second, and Lieutenant W. H. Towne served as Belo's second. Lieutenant Henry T. Jordan was present as Major Belo's "advisory friend." The officers agreed to "fight until the last man was killed," if it were necessary, unless, of course, a suitable resolution could be agreed upon sooner. As many soldiers as could arrange it were present on the field. As the arrangements were being made, with great attention to every detail, the minds of the duelists may well have scanned the events of the preceding 48 hours... the circumstances that had led fellow Confederates to face each other now with such anger and deadly intent...

The dispute began two days earlier, on April 19, 1863. Members of the 89th New York Volunteers and the 8th Connecticut captured a Confederate battery at Old Fort, near Suffolk, Virginia. The result considerably embarrassed the Alabamians and North Carolinians stationed nearby for its defense and protection.

The Alabamians stated flatly that the North Carolinians had failed to perform their duty in protecting the battery. The North Carolinians, on the other hand, denied any responsibility for the battery's defense, claiming their efforts to recapture it had been purely voluntary. Nevertheless officers of the North Carolina regiment felt that their honor had been



Major General Samuel Gibbs French commanded the North Carolina regiments.

maligned by the Alabamians in their accusations and determined to settle the matter as gentlemen, according to the *code duello*. The affair of honor that ensued is one of the best documented of the war.

In early spring 1863, Federal General John J. Peck advanced his army south from the vicinity of Norfolk, Virginia. With gunboats in support, he occupied the small town of Suffolk, an important junction on the Norfolk and Petersburg Railroad.

General Robert E. Lee suspected a movement against Richmond. His Army of Northern Virginia was then firmly entrenched on the Rappahannock, facing Hooker's Army of the Potomac, some 115,000 strong. Although he could ill afford to spare them, nevertheless Lee dispatched General James Longstreet and 15,000 men (later reinforced to 29,000) to retake Suffolk by direct assault. If this course were not possible, Longstreet's men could (Lee hoped) eventually invest the place and gather needed supplies for the Army of Northern Virginia.

Longstreet arrived in front of Suffolk on April 11, 1863 and began immediately to form a fortified concave front before General G. W. Getty's defenses. Pickett's Division constituted Longstreet's right, and General John B. Hood's, facing south and east, followed the course of the streams in the area. The left flank, however, remained exposed. To cover this part of the line and to harass Federal river communications, Longstreet ordered the construction of earthworks between the upper Nansemond River and its western branch. At the suggestion of Major L. M. Shumaker, chief of artillery, a battery of five guns under the

command of Captain Robert Stribling was placed in Fort Huger, now known as Old Fort, on Hill's Point above the Nansemond. This site, it was officially reported, was the "key to the river."

On the evening of April 17, Longstreet directed the third of his division commanders, General S. G. French, to send Colonel John K. Connally's 55th North Carolina Regiment to the vicinity of Hill's Point to protect the battery at Old Fort and another (later called Smoot's), then under construction, which would contain two 30-pounder Parrotts. Stribling's Battery, a pair of 24-pounder brass howitzers and three 12-pounder Napoleons, had performed well in inflicting damage to Federal gunboats. Confederate officers feared that an attempt might be made to capture the battery, but they hoped that the infantry stationed there, Companies A and B of the 44th Alabama, under Captain D. L. Bozeman, might be sufficient to defend it.

Around 10 PM on the 17th, Colonel John K. Connally, of the 55th North Carolina, pursuant to orders received, dispatched three companies to Norfleet's House on Reed Ferry Road "to prevent the landing of the enemy, and protect some batteries which were being erected on the river." His men reached a point "near both places, viz. where the house [Norfleet's] and batteries were," about 3 AM on the morning of April 18. They set up camp there, about three-quarters of a mile from Stribling's Battery and the battery under construction.

Near daybreak the North Carolinians were suddenly aroused by a report that the enemy had landed. "Imagine our feelings," wrote Captain E. Fletcher Satterfield of Company H, "when only three companies, without any infantry support, were expecting to be attacked every moment with we knew not what force." The men formed up in a line of battle, and pickets were deployed as skirmishers; but they drew no fire. Soon afterward Major Shumaker "came up and told us it was a false alarm," Satterfield reported. He for one "felt considerably relieved," for most of his men were armed with smoothbore muskets. The "thoughts of a Yankee prison did not suit my taste," Captain Satterfield added.

After this early morning excitement the three North Carolina companies moved back several yards and "all laid for a nap." Towards noon that day Colonel Connally, with seven additional companies of the

55th, joined the advance at Norfleet's House. The afternoon of the 18th proved uneventful and quiet for the regiment, save for routine picket duty.

That evening, following orders from General French and Major Shumaker, Colonel Connally made the following disposition of his troops: two teams of four men and a corporal established themselves at LeCompte's House and Reed's Ferry, and another team was placed between them. A full company stood in support at Moore's House. A second company took up position near Smoot's Battery of two 30-pounders, which was still at this time under construction. Thus disposed, Connally would "hold his regiment in readiness to support the artillery and...maintain his position to the last." This written order from French and Shumaker directing the placement of his troops was apparently the last Colonel Connally received. Most of his men were as yet in the vicinity of Norfleet's House.

The attack that Captain Satterfield feared on the morning of April 18 might have occurred had a plan of Federal Naval Lieutenant R. H. Lamson been carried out on schedule. The 22,000-man army at Suffolk had constructed a formidable defense on the right side of the Nansemond River. For over a week it had been unopposed by Longstreet's force on the opposite bank but was expecting an offensive movement at any time. Moreover, the river still remained under the close scrutiny of Stribling's guns at Old Fort. By the 19th one Federal gunboat had been completely disabled, three more seriously damaged, and a number of men had been killed or



Major A. H. Belo delivered challenges on behalf of the North Carolinians.

wounded. The officers of the Federal naval and land forces conceded that unless the battery could be silenced or captured, "it would be almost certain destruction for any boat to attempt to run it."

Lieutenant Lamson's plan was simple. A detachment of 500 Federal infantry aboard his gunboat *Stepping Stones* would embark upriver from Dr. Council's and, under protective artillery fire, make a feint past the battery, then land below Hill's Point, attacking the works from the rear. The plan received General Getty's approval, but attempts to launch it on the 17th and 18th failed to achieve proper support from the army.

Meanwhile, on the morning of April 19, Colonel George A. Cunningham took command of the Hill's Point batteries. Shortly after 10 AM the 30-pounders of Smoot's Battery, now established, opened up on Federal gunboats in the river. A general exchange between the Confederate position and these gunboats, as well as two Federal land batteries, followed. The firing concentrated heaviest on Stribling at Old Fort and continued until about 1 PM. Some time later the gunboats removed farther up the river. Major Shumaker had observed and reported that "their decks were covered with troops."

Towards sundown, about 6 PM most reports agree, a signal whistle from Lamson's gunboat directed the firing to commence. Several days later, his plan would be attempted. All of the Federal gunboats above and below Hill's Point, joined by two land batteries, poured on a heavy fire. Under cover of this barrage Lieutenant Lamson steamed slowly down river, as if he were running the battery; but it was a feint, as planned. On board, concealed by a canvas screen, were 270 men of the 89th New York Volunteers, with Lieutenant T. L. England commanding, and the 8th Connecticut, under Colonel John E. Ward.

At that point, just abreast of but slightly below Stribling's Battery, Lamson gave a signal to cease fire. He ordered the helm hard starboard and ran the gunboat into the bank. In one swift, well-coordinated movement the men disembarked simultaneously from both ends of *Stepping Stones*, with a battery of howitzers following the New Yorkers from the fore. A loud cheer, loud enough to be heard by Colonel Connally and his North Carolinians, went up from all the boats on the river and Federal land bat-

teries. The first of two Confederate lines fell back quickly, leaving only a ravine between the Federals and their goal, Stribling's Battery.

Meanwhile, several of Stribling's guns had been turned around and opened up on the advancing blue lines. They were joined by Captain Bozeman's Alabamians. By this time, the Federal howitzers had been planted on the crest of the ravine and returned the fire. In a rapid flanking movement, England's and Ward's men rushed quickly and smoothly over the parapets of the fort from both sides, safely behind the guns, and captured the entire garrison at bayonet point. Not a single Federal rifle had been discharged. The plan, brilliant in its simplicity, had succeeded perfectly. "We were hastened off with the greatest rapidity," Captain Stribling reported, "and put on board the boat." It was now about an hour past sundown.



Colonel John Kerr Connally, commander of the 55th North Carolina, first confronted Captains Terrell and Cussons of the 48th Alabama.

Earlier that afternoon, it seems, Colonel George Cunningham had ridden over to Colonel Connally and informed him (again) that General French wished him "to support the batteries." Apparently his men were as yet too far removed to be of effective service. "The order was general," Connally officially reported, and was delivered between 4 and 6 PM. The North Carolina Colonel was undoubtedly still unfamiliar with the immediate area, though perhaps he should have been by now. Nevertheless he "immediately ordered Lieutenant Colonel [Maurice] Smith and Major [A. H.] Belo to go and ascertain the

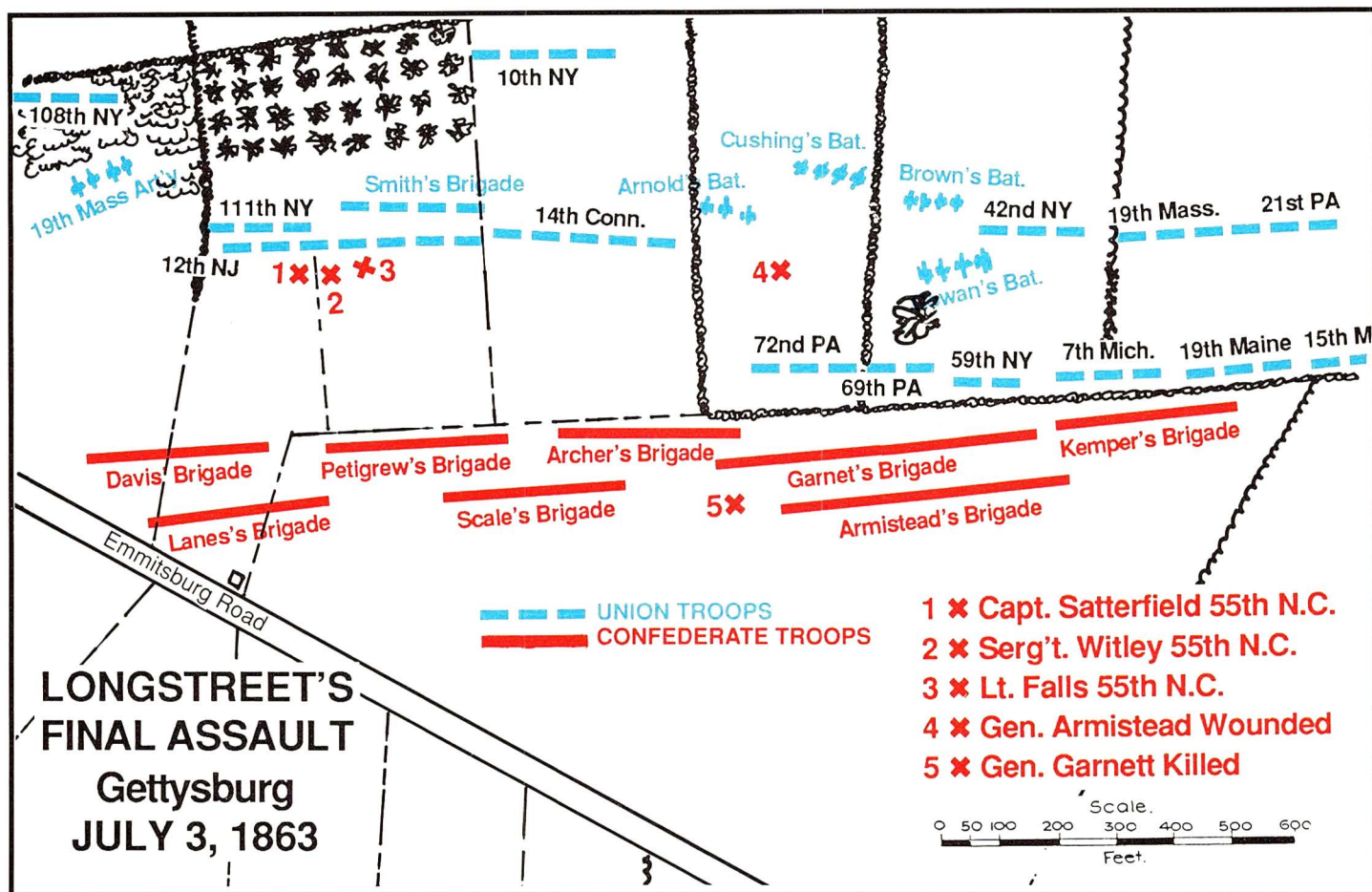
position of the batteries, the number of men necessary for their support, [and] the ground to be occupied by the support."

General French, who had been ill that day, was unable to inspect the Hill's Point position in person. That evening, however, he heard the artillery barrage and requested information of Major Shumaker as to the nature of the "heavy cannonade," French also wanted to be certain that Colonel Connally's regiment was so situated as to "repel any landing of infantry against the batteries." General Longstreet shared French's concern about the disposition and readiness of the 55th North Carolina, but it is likely that the battery had already been captured by the time French and Longstreet learned the source and nature of the artillery fire.

Colonel Connally, when he received the news of the Federal offensive and capture of Old Fort, "immediately" put in motion his seven unassigned companies and "proceeded as rapidly as possible to the house nearest Stribling's battery." "We fell in at quick time," Captain Satterfield reported to his father, "and after the reg't had fallen in, the command Double-quick was given and we started off with a will for the field in which the battery [Smoot's] was placed." It was "about dark" when they reached the place, Satterfield noted.

It was at this point Colonel Connally first encountered Captain L. R. Terrell, a member of General Law's staff, and two companies of the 48th Alabama. According to Captain Terrell, Connally reported he had been sent to relieve the troops garrisoned at the fort but said that it "had been taken before he could render assistance." When the North Carolinian expressed his desire to attack the place and retake the guns, Terrell strongly advised against it, saying "that it would be worse than folly to make the attempt." Not only would the terrain prove difficult--Major A. H. Belo had already learned that "there was only a narrow entrance which would admit four men abreast"--but the gunboats on the river and land batteries now had the entire area covered.

Colonel Connally appeared undaunted, however, and desired to determine for himself if the fort were still occupied. He moved up part of his regiment to a point within 500 or 600 yards of the fort. Lieutenant Colonel Maurice Smith, with two companies of skirmishers, moved forward, advancing only 50 or 60 yards before



drawing fire. To complicate matters further, the rifle fire had attracted the attention of the gunboats and land batteries. "The shells commenced falling around us as thick as hail," Captain Satterfield wrote his father, so the skirmishers fell back quickly and rejoined Colonel Connally's line. The fort had indeed been overrun and occupied by the Yankees. Not only this, but the guns within its enclosure had been repositioned to defend the place, and reinforcements had arrived. Thus Colonel Connally withdrew his men about a half-mile and formed a second line of battle.

A now ever vigilant John Connally, perhaps chafing a bit from his indecisiveness earlier in the evening, sent forward another detachment of skirmishers under Major Belo, about 10 PM. "Upon their opening fire," the major recollected in his memoir, "I ordered the men to lie down and not return it till I could see what to do." But since there was nothing that could be done at this point, he and his men remained in this position until daybreak.

Earlier, about 1 AM, General Law, having already met with Longstreet and the other division commanders, came up to Connally's line. Finding the North

Carolinians "too far in advance," he ordered the regiment back another quarter-mile to the rear. This was the situation of Connally's men at daybreak when General John B. Hood appeared and placed them under command of General J. B. Robertson.

While most of the men of the 55th North Carolina remained inactive throughout the daylight hours of April 20, elements of Connally's command continued on skirmish duty "to feel the position of the enemy," which, by now, had become all the more imposing. Additional reinforcements had arrived at Old Fort that morning, and the four howitzers that had been used in the attack were planted in such a position as to "sweep the plain" behind the fort. Rifle pits had been dug and additional batteries erected. But this was not all. "As I advanced across the field," Captain Satterfield reported, "I looked to the left and there in plain view [on the river] lay one of the *monsters*, and why it did not rake us," he wondered, "am I unable to tell."

The skirmishers were relieved about sunset on the 20th. For many of them,

Satterfield explained to his father, it had been sixteen hours "under the fire of the boats and land batteries." Ten North Carolinians had been wounded (one of whom subsequently died), and another was reported missing.

Two things appeared certain to the officers of the 55th North Carolina. Despite the immediate outcome of events, they agreed that not only had they complied with orders as received and understood, but they had acted bravely and admirably under the circumstances. Furthermore, they all agreed that much of what had been attempted by the 55th North Carolina on the evening of the 19th had been "voluntary." One company had been assigned specifically to Smoot's Battery of two guns; the remainder of the regiment (unassigned) was under general orders to protect the battery against capture, and this they had attempted. Unfamiliarity with the area, excused or not, coupled with a quick, smooth Federal attack, prevented a vigorous counterattack by the North Carolinians.

Captain Satterfield, reflecting his colonel's estimation of affairs, stated that the men had performed their assigned duty in protecting Smoot's Battery, "the only



Captain E. Fletcher Satterfield served as Colonel Connally's second in the duel.

one we had been ordered to defend." Belo, years later, reiterated this understanding, stating in his memoir that "our action [to recapture Stribling's Battery] was entirely voluntary." Nightfall had prevented the men from doing more than could have been accomplished under the circumstances. The actions of the 55th North Carolina, then, were at least calculated and deliberate, if not wholly in compliance with orders as issued from division. If Colonel John K. Connally were guilty of any negligence in this matter, it would have been simply that he had not familiarized himself and his officers with the terrain around and about Stribling's Battery; and even this he attempted, albeit too late for his men to be of much strategic advantage.

General French's official report of the capture of Stribling's Battery as submitted to General Longstreet is an apology of his role in, and understanding of the affair. So too is Colonel Connally's. These reports, when weighed against others describing the capture of the battery, including those of the Federal commanders, are essentially consistent in all details. There is no question that there was a lack of communication between general officers and regimental, as well as considerable confusion concerning the specific requirements of certain orders, written and oral. Douglas Southall Freeman concludes that General Longstreet was "altogether moderate in his judgment" of the events and participants. The General's endorsement of the official reports is astute and to the point—that there "had been a general lack of vigilance and prompt attention to duties on the part

of most of the parties connected with the affair." "Many of the officers were of limited experience," he conceded, but "acted as they thought best." Longstreet did feel, however, that despite what others had said, "the battery could have been retaken if attempted, and with only light loss. He censured no one for negligence to duty, nor did he place blame on any single officer or group. "This lesson," General Longstreet concluded, "will be of service to us all."

And perhaps this is where the affair should have ended. Besides, on the evening of April 20, the Federals had abandoned the fort, believing it untenable, even reinforced. But there was still the matter of honor to be settled. To men who live by the code, cowardice is perhaps the most serious of accusations. And that brings us to the final chapter in the drama caused by the capture of Stribling's Battery:

Belo and Cussons faced each other on the field, 150 yards apart, with regulation .58 caliber Mississippi rifles. Connally and Terrell stood nearby with double-barrelled shotguns loaded with shot. (The Alabamians, as the challenged parties, had been given the choice of weapons.) The preliminaries done with, Belo and Cussons got down to the work at hand. The command was given and a round was exchanged. Cussons missed Belo altogether, but the ball from the major's rifle passed right through Cusson's hat. When asked if he were satisfied, Belo spoke loud enough for all to hear, "No!" The rifles were reloaded and the second round was exchanged. This time Belo "was seen to wince," Oates reported, "but stood erect." A trickle of blood ran down the Major's back from a superficial neck wound.

As preparations for the third round were being made, Captain Cussons observed, "Major, this is d---d poor shooting we are doing here today. If we don't do better than this, we will never kill any Yankees." Just as the loaded rifles were being passed to Belo and Cussons, a messenger, probably Captain Satterfield, approached from the other side of the field. He asked for a truce, stating that Connally and Terrell had settled the matter between themselves and hoped that the two already engaged might do the same. And so they did in short order, "in the same manner," Captain Satterfield wrote his father. Major Belo and Captain Cussons approached each other, shook hands, and expressed their "gratification"

that no serious damage had been done.

As they walked off the field together, Captain Cussons, known to be a dead shot, turned to Belo and asked how his rifle had been loaded. At this the seconds confessed that they had used a half-charge instead of the one-third that Belo had earlier determined was "about right." "Upon our return [to camp]," Belo recollected years later, "we had great rejoicing and a grand jollification," glad to have the matter done with.

No official report of the duel was submitted, no charges brought; but it is almost certain that some of the general officers were aware that it had occurred. The public war had for the moment, at least, become private, among friends. Just over a week later, Hooker's Army of the Potomac began to move, and Longstreet was sent orders by General Lee to rejoin him.

No major engagement had been fought at Suffolk, no real victory achieved by either side, and before the detached army ever reached Richmond, the battle of Chancellorsville had been fought and won by Lee and Jackson.

Two months later, at Gettysburg, Captain L. R. Terrell fell mortally wounded at the head of his men, regimental colors in hand. In the same battle, Major Belo received a serious leg wound, which would trouble him for the remainder of his life. Colonel John K. Connally lost an arm. Captain E. Fletcher Satterfield died at the Bloody Angle during the third day's battle, the farthest advanced of Pickett's men. ☉



Colonel William C. Oates reported this encounter, the "War Between North Carolina and Alabama" Photo Credit: Alabama Department of Archives and History.

Conversation

Interview With The Rev. Donald Wildmon President and Founder of the American Family Association

Frequently called "A Southern Baptist fundamentalist," Don Wildmon is neither of the above. He is a minister in the United Methodist Church and does not identify himself as a "fundamentalist," though he has no quarrel with such people and numbers many among his supporters.

Wildmon founded the American Family Association (originally called the National Federation for Decency) as a worried father rather than as an activist clergyman. He was sitting with his wife and children one evening in 1977, attempting to relax, when he discovered that all three major networks were airing shows that featured sex, violence, and profanity. After switching from one channel to another, he turned off the set in disgust, went into his study, and began to draft plans to create the organization that has since become the American Family Association.

From that small beginning, the AFA has grown to a grassroots

network of over 380,000 angry people, who bombard the networks with letters and telephone calls, boycott products, and even picket corporations that fund grossly offensive materials. When Wildmon and his group first began to make their presence known, the networks and advertising agencies chortled at the spectacle of a preacher from Tupelo, Mississippi trying to tell them what they should and should not put on the air. Today no one is chortling. As of this writing, television executives and ad men are dancing around in exquisite pain, calling Wildmon the "Ayatollah of America," frantically pleading with the American people to ignore his call for a return to more decorous and moral television programming.

What terrifies the industry is Wildmon's current target. No more does he petition networks to exercise responsibility in their use of public airways. And no more does he expect the FCC to enforce the laws now on the books. He is presently directing his attention to the sponsors of television shows,

the people who pay the bills. He is costing the industry money, which is why he has suddenly become the Beast of the Apocalypse to the fashionable cultists of the Left. (Rumor has it that by the time this issue is out, People for the American Way, Norman Lear's tax-exempt contribution to vulgarity, will be airing national ads attacking Wildmon and his increasingly successful operation.)

Wildmon is also going after the federal government for its openhanded funding of the sexual revolution and the homosexual movement. In recent months The American Family Association has helped to block a National Institutes for Health sex study designed to inflate the official number of homosexuals in the country. The AFA has also taken on the National Endowment for the Arts, which last year financed enough obscene and anti-religious art to cause triple-digit inflation in Greenwich Village.

The week prior to this Partisan Conversation, which was

conducted by Matthew Sandel, Wildmon turned down requests from NBC, ABC and CBS, saying he would be happy to debate with their executive officers on live TV, but he wasn't about to let them interview him, then edit and resplice the tape, the way they'd done him before. So SP is grateful for this interview.

Partisan: You've probably had the most successful year in the history of your organization. You've persuaded several major corporations like Mazda and AT&T to see things your way and stop lending their support to pornography and obscenity. You've probably cost Universal Studios millions of dollars on *The Last Temptation of Christ*. More recently you've taken on the federal government for funding an obscene photograph of a crucifix. How do you decide on which matters to pursue?

Wildmon: Most of the things we've gotten involved in were brought to our attention by our members and by others who know about us. People at the grassroots level really decide what we do.

Partisan: What would happen if I were to complain about a particular publication or TV show? How does that generally work?

Wildmon: First we investigate a complaint and get the facts. Then we distribute the information to our members around the country and suggest some action or recourse. Sometimes it's to write letters and make telephone calls. Sometimes we ask that a product or company be boycotted. We tell our members and our friends in the Christian community, and they bring the pressure to bear.

Partisan: How do you get the word out?

Wildmon: We use our Journal, which is published each month. And we use Christian radio and television. We also network with other Christian organizations.

Partisan: Some people have



said you want to impose your morals on others through censorship. Are you censors?

Wildmon: We don't censor anybody. We have no power to censor what's printed or run on TV or shown in movie theaters. The editor of the *Washington Post* censors more material than I do. In fact, the biggest censors in the country are the people who run the television networks.

Partisan: They also charge that you are violating the First Amendment rights of all sorts of very sensitive and chic people. How do you respond to that charge?

Wildmon: The First Amendment is part of the U.S. Constitution. If I've violated the Constitution then by all means put me in jail. If I haven't, then stop making charges like that. Put up or shut up.

Partisan: I'm sure you've heard many times that pornography is not really damaging, that it actually serves a useful social purpose. Is pornography really harmless?

Wildmon: It's like pouring gasoline on a fire to put it out. We have dozens of studies to support that position. But more important, we have the testimony of sex criminals themselves, letters from people in jail telling us how they got there, where it

all began. Ted Bundy and Gary Bishop were just the most well-known.

Partisan: What about the theory that pornography acts as a substitute for the real thing, that it satisfies people who would otherwise be seeking genuine sexual experiences?

Wildmon: If that was true, all we'd have to do to end the famine in Africa would be to send those people pictures of fried chicken. People who use pornography for very long become satiated with it. It simply whets their appetite for the real thing. Ted Bundy's case was an extreme one, but in many ways typical.

Partisan: People used to argue that when pornography was readily available, its use would actually decline. Do you think we have more pornography today than we did, say, 20 years ago?

Wildmon: Many times more. 20 years ago, the only regular pornography on the newsstands was *Playboy*. *Penthouse* hadn't even appeared. And *Playboy* wasn't nearly as graphic as it is today. Now see how many magazines feature pornography--both photographic and written! And television is full of scenes they wouldn't have dared print in magazines a few years ago.

Partisan: What about the Federal Communications Commission? They are the federal agency responsible for policing radio and television. What help have they been to your activities?

Wildmon: The FCC has been no help at all. To give you an illustration, over the past 20 years the FCC has received more than 400,000 complaints. During that same period they have fined only one defendant.

Partisan: When was that?

Wildmon: 11 years ago. To give you an idea of how serious the FCC is, they require any complaint against a TV station or network to be accompanied by a videotape. One of our staff members went up to talk to them about their lack of activity, and

them about their lack of activity, and he found out they didn't even have a VCR.

Partisan: How would you say the Bush administration compares with the Reagan administration--I mean from what you can tell so far?

Wildmon: I don't think the Reagan administration was very helpful. As for Mr. Bush, well, that remains to be seen. We've found that if politicians begin to think it's politically popular to crack down on obscenity, then they are extremely helpful. Otherwise they tend to want to do nothing to disturb the waters. Of course, part of the problem in Washington lies with the bureaucrats who were appointed by earlier administrations, like Jimmy Carter's.

Partisan: Who in Washington would be most opposed to the AFA?

Wildmon: Senator Kennedy, Senator Metzenbaum, Congressman Hughes of New York. And what's the name of that fellow that got caught cribbling somebody else's speeches? He ran for president and had to...

Partisan: Biden?

Wildmon: Senator Biden.

Partisan: What if you had a million members? What difference would that make? What would you do differently?

Wildmon: We wouldn't do anything differently than we do now, but we'd do it much better. We hope in three or four years to have our membership up to a million.

Partisan: I know that you and your staff receive very modest salaries, certainly lower than what most organizations would pay...

Wildmon: Yes.

Partisan: ...so what about money? Would you say funding was one of your big problems?

Wildmon: Not really. We're adequately funded. Of course, we don't have as much as People for the

American Way or Planned Parenthood. But we raise ours from the grass roots. Where we get contributions of \$15 they get \$15,000. And we've got a lot of supporters from all over the country.

Partisan: Do they come from any one part of the country more than another?

Wildmon: No. People think we get most of our support from here in Mississippi and from the South, but that's wrong. Excluding New York, Chicago and Los Angeles, our support tends to be proportionate to the population in a given area. I doubt that the organizations opposing us could say that.

Partisan: Which organizations give you the most problems? Or, to put it another way, which organizations do the most to defend and promote the kinds of things you're trying to eliminate?

Wildmon: Oh, the ones you'd expect: People for the American Way, the American Civil Liberties Union, the National Organization for Women, Planned Parenthood. And there are others.

Partisan: How effective are these groups?

Wildmon: Reasonably effective. They have all the money they need, friends in high places, both in government and in the media. They're shrewd and well-financed. They...

Partisan: Are the media the prime supporters of these groups?

Wildmon: Well, the Hollywood and New York crowds certainly support them in every way possible.

Partisan: You're up against the most powerful opinion makers in the history of the world. Do you think you'll win in the end?

Wildmon: I know the answer I'm supposed to give to that question. I'm supposed to say that everything is going to turn out fine, that we'll eventually stamp out pornography in this country. But I can't say that. Right now the outcome of this struggle is a

big question mark. The next few years will decide it. If good people don't get involved in increasing numbers, we will go the way of Rome and others.

Partisan: Would you say that right now you're winning or losing?

Wildmon: Losing.

Partisan: What would it mean if we turned into the kind of nation that Norman Lear wants us to become?

Wildmon: I don't think the American people really understand how bad that would be. The material well-being of a nation is tied up with its moral and spiritual well-being. You can't destroy a nation's moral and spiritual fibre without having a general decay in every area. You'll see a breakdown in the economy, in business. We're already seeing that in this country. Alcoholism and drug use have changed the way corporations handle their employees. And now there's AIDS. It's just the beginning, though.

Partisan: Getting back to the activities of the AFA. Which of your victories in the past couple of years do you consider the most important?

Wildmon: Of course, they're all important. The one that shook the public the most is the sponsorship by the National Endowment for the Arts of the Andres Serrano photograph of a crucifix suspended in a jar of urine. We've never had such an outpouring of anger and outrage. Right now we're still trying to make the Bush administration understand the meaning of what the NEA has done. But we believe this incident could ultimately affect the way taxpayers' money is spent in many areas of government.

Really the most important thing we've done is to educate people and church congregations. We've shown them what's happening in their government and in the media and we've indicated ways in which they can make their objections known and bring about changes in policy.

Partisan: What are you planning in the immediate future? I've heard something about a year-long boycott.

Wildmon: That's right. Before the end of the summer we're going to pick a company that has lent its money and prestige to objectionable television programming and we're going to boycott them for an entire year.

Partisan: Why is a year better than what you've been doing up until now?

Wildmon: Well, so far we've boycotted a company until they've said they were sorry and promised to change their policy. That's usually lasted no more than a few weeks. But our critics have said that we haven't really been that effective, that had the company held out, our boycott wouldn't have made that much difference. So we figure that after a year we will have really proved our point.

Partisan: Isn't it possible that the critics may be right? Do you really think you will make a difference?

Wildmon: As I've already indicated, I'm no optimist about the ultimate outcome of this fight, and I'm not a betting man. But where this one battle is concerned, I'll say right now that we're going to prove our point. We're going to win this one. We're going to put out 17 million boycott cards for people to send in, and they're going to do it, and some company is really going to be hurting. You can write it down!

Partisan: One last question. The more successful you are, the more you're going to be the object of attack from the people you are hurting--the pornography industry, the television industry, the advertising industry. You've already been called some pretty bad names and you've been harassed and threatened. Does that bother you?

Wildmon: It goes with the

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Uncle Leonidas and the Wonderful Writing Machine

by Howard Bahr

My Uncle Leonidas Remington was a fool for steam.

The woodburning tea kettles on the L&N Railroad, flinging their high-toned whistles across the hills, beguiled Uncle Leonidas in the cradle. In his youth, while the other boys were carving hearts in sycamore trees and playing at marbles and dousing cats with turpentine, Uncle Leonidas was firing the engine in his papa's sawmill. In the flower of his manhood he became a locomotive engineer, and if he had ever heard of Prometheus (which he hadn't) he would have said that the gift of fire was nothing beside the greater gift of those who first harnessed it and wrought power out of hot water. Uncle Leonidas believed that the steam locomotive represented the pinnacle of man's achievement, and should those distinguished machines pass from the earth then all civilization would begin its final slant toward oblivion.

Or so I have heard anyway. The old people used to speak of Uncle Leonidas in hushed tones when they spoke of him at all, and the high regard in which he was held by the family was suggested by my mother's eulogistic remark that "Uncle Leo was crazy as hell, but he was square." And so he was. His whole life was a testimony to steam, and his every waking

moment was spent in the manipulation of that elemental force for the good of the Race. That he was unappreciated in his own time should come as no surprise to a generation weaned on ingratitude; thus I consider it my sacred duty to draw aside, even at this late date, the curtain of obscurity that for so many years has veiled the accomplishments and sacrifices of this singular man, so that he might at last take his rightful place among the heroic mechanics of the age.

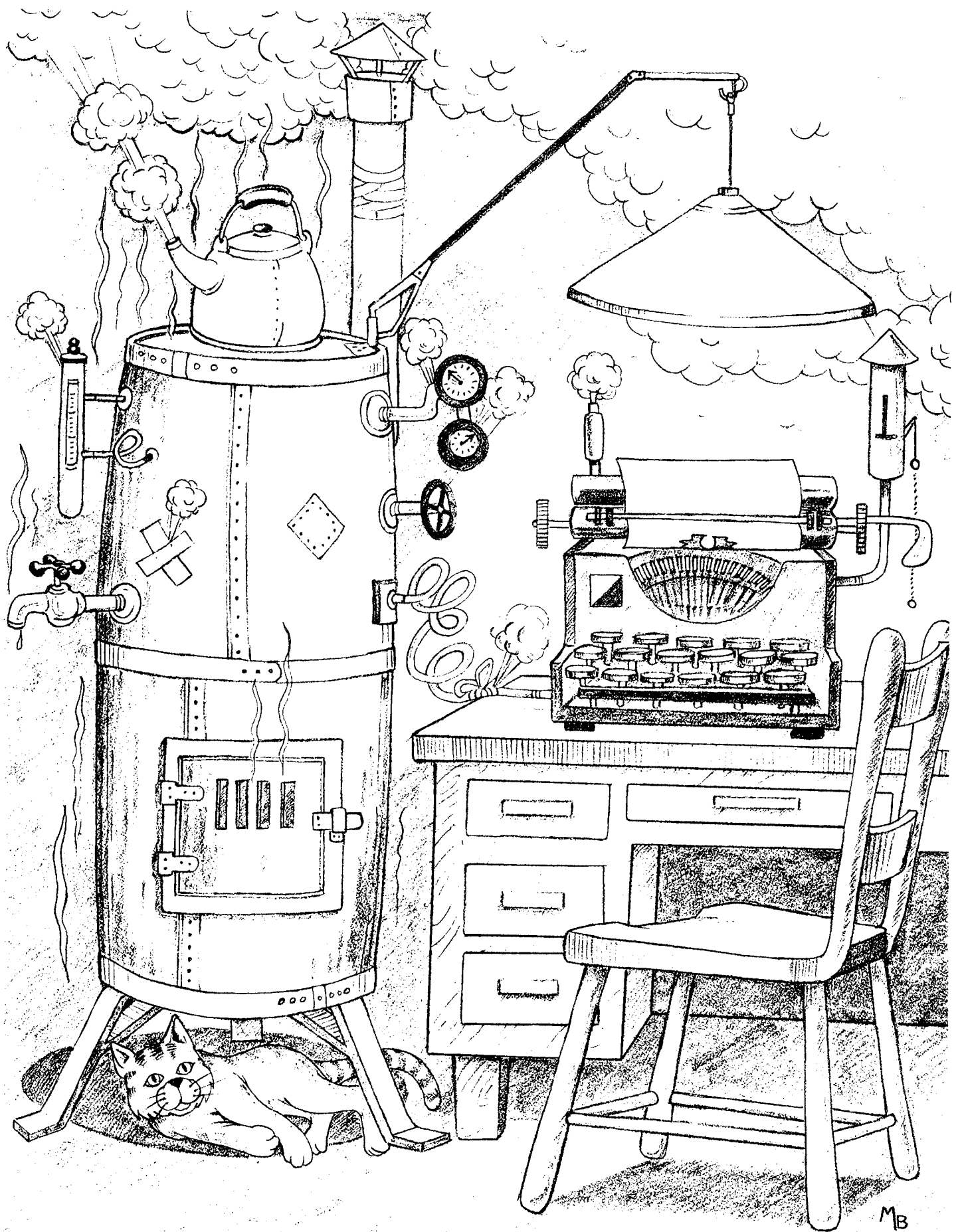
I have said that Uncle Leonidas became a railroad engineer. For the thirty-five years he labored on the Iron City, Five Points and Clawhammer Railroad he was content. By his own testimony (and that of his wife, the sainted Mrs. Louella Remington, nee Appleton, of the Florence, Alabama, Appletons who figure so prominently in the fiction of T.S. Stripling) these years were an unbroken, ecstatic dream of derailments, collisions, boiler explosions, runaways and other dramatic catastrophes to warm the heart of a steam enthusiast. Perhaps Uncle Leonidas' happiest day was the twenty-fifth of April, in the year 1903, when the boiler of his engine burst at Iron City, Tennessee. The steam dome of the engine, the stack, the bell and the head brakeman went up altogether out of sight and came down through the roof a tool shed a mile away, while Uncle Leo and the fireman were flung through the plate glass window of a saloon three blocks from the depot,

interrupting for the first time since the Spanish American War the perpetual domino game that used to go on there. It was in all the papers and established Uncle Leo's reputation as a daredevil engineer. I used to have the yellowed clippings, and an original sketch of the disaster by Uncle Leonidas himself, with dotted lines showing how the smokestack and brakeman and all went up in the air and came down again, but all those lost documents, together with my guitar and Victrola and other particulars, in the Big Gulf Coast Hurricane of 1969.

So it goes.

And it came to pass that Uncle Leo served his thirty-five years without ever a vacation or any time off except what he spent in the hospital, and accumulated what some still remember as the most unusual safety record in the history of the road. Then, at the close of those three and a half distinguished decades, the ICFP&CRR decreed that retire he must, and Uncle Leo stepped down from his cab for the last time amid the lamentations of all (the train crews and firemen possibly excepted, though history is obscure on this point).

Yet, as so often in the human drama, this sad event marked not the end but the real beginning of his years of service to mankind, though no one, and least of all Uncle Leonidas him-



self, realized it at the time. All that winter he moped around the house, getting underfoot and being a nuisance, tinkering with the radiators and fixing them so they would all whistle a different note and going down to the cellar to stoke the furnace every hour or so, day and night. He travelled, too, and among my childhood memories I recall a picture of him from this period, one of the few ever struck of Uncle Leonidas: white-haired and round, looking a trifle seedy in his rumpled white shirt and black vest and watch chain, posing beside the boiler of the steam plant at the University of Alabama. But even travel failed to satisfy him, and at last he got to staying in his room so much that the sainted Miss Louella was driven to say: "Mr. Remington," (she always called him "Mr. Remington")--"Mr. Remington, sir, what you need is an avocation."

"Naw, I don't," snapped Uncle Leo. "I ain't hungry, and I never did like them things anyhow."

"No, I mean it's a *hobby* you need," said Miss Louella. "Somethin' to take your mind off your troubles and occupy your time."

"Balderdash," said Uncle Leo. But it was the voice of Destiny. First thing you know, Uncle Leonidas was thinking, and thinking hard. And the *next* thing you know, he had an avocation.

He became an inventor.

From that day forward there was never any peace in the house.

Uncle Leo took over the back room where my cousin Cletus Remington used to stay (who for many years was the District Representative of the Mason Shoe Company and lived an honorable life and his passing was much mourned) and made it over into an inventing

shop where for the everlasting day he banged and tinkered and cursed so fervently that Miss Louella could no longer host the Browning Society or the UDC. Poor soul, she would stand outside Uncle Leo's door wringing her hands, and now and then would come a muffled explosion and steam would squirt out from the cracks in the door and poor Miss Louella would run all the way back to the kitchen with her apron over her head. But she knew better than to say anything, for once Uncle Leonidas was set on a course he saw it out, no matter what.

His first invention was a steam-powered sewing machine, the idea being that a woman could make her clothes and press them at the same time. He demonstrated it in several households, but as it turned out the noise and smoke scared the women and children something awful, and though the device invariably rid a house of varmints, the cows always quit giving milk until it went away. So Uncle Leonidas put it aside as a bad job, though I don't believe he ever lost faith in it entirely.

His next invention was a kerosene blanket. He chartered a company:

**THE GENERAL KEROSENE
COMPANY
Leonidas Polk Remington, Prop.
St. Joseph, Tennessee**

and began to peddle his blankets throughout Lawrence and surrounding counties. The principle behind this blanket was simplicity itself. A kerosene-fired boiler sat by the bed and sent the nice, hot steam coursing through little pipes woven into the 2-ply woolen blanket. Though the blankets were a trifle heavy, and so stiff that they stood straight out from the edge of the bed (because of the pipes, you see), they sold well and Uncle Leonidas began to realize a modest profit. Alas, however, his good fortune was short-lived. On a cold January night in 1926 Mr. and Mrs. Jupiter Bookwright of Selmer, Tennessee, were just settling in beneath their new

kerosene blanket when Jupiter realized he had forgotten to check the sight glass on the boiler. He was just reaching for the matches to light the lamp when the pressure blew out three of the pipes in the blanket and scalded Mrs. Bookwright so severely that she was unable to sit in the hard pews of the Selmer Church of the True and Only Pentecost for ten consecutive Sundays. Naturally the Bookwrights brought suit against Uncle Leonidas, and that was the end of the **GENERAL KEROSENE COMPANY**.

Yet these apparent setbacks only spurred Uncle Leonidas on to greater sacrifice. Soon he was hard at work on his most remarkable invention. For weeks Miss Louella hardly saw him. She had to put his meals outside the door, and sometimes she would come back hours later and find the peas and greens and ham all cold and hardened into a gelatinous mass that not even Uncle Leonidas' red-bone hound, "Tecumsah," would eat (I might add that "Tecumsah" was known throughout all the country as one of the best dogs for 'coon and woodcock that ever ran on three legs, the other one having been cut off by the switch engine at the tie yard in St. Joe). Finally, after two months, Uncle Leonidas appeared in the kitchen one afternoon looking for a cup of coffee and a biscuit. He announced that his work was finished at last and Miss Louella could come view the creation that would put them on Easy Street for the remainder of their days. With fear and trembling Miss Louella approached the workroom. Peering around the door her eyes met a scene of indescribable chaos, the litter of genius: tools and parts and sheet metal strewn everywhere, and bits of old half-gnawed sandwiches and half-drunk glasses of milk and cigar stubs and dingy corn-cob pipes. And in the midst of it all she beheld a great black engine as big as her Findlay Oval cookstove, all coiled with pipes and festooned with gauges, leaking steam at every joint. All at once it let out a snort, and a great jet of white steam burst from the 'scape pipes, and Miss Louella jumped into

Uncle Leonidas' arms.

"What ere it, Mr. Remington?" she cried.

Uncle Leonidas' face glowed with pride. "Why, it ain't nothin' but the crownin' achievement of the age!" he said.

"But what does it *do*?" she asked.

"Humph," said Uncle Leonidas, a little deflated. "Well, any fool can see what it does." He hooked his suspenders in his belt. "It's a steam-powered typewriter," he said.

And so it was. Uncle Leonidas had taken the boiler off his sewing machine and bought all the gauges off Mr. Andy Landers' old steam tractor and, with the keyboard and carriage from his own Royal Standard, he had created the world's first automatic steam powered writing machine. It was a wonder to behold; I once had a picture of it clipped from the St. Joseph *Daily Reciprocator* (published under the able leadership of Mitchell "Night Latch" Summerlin, who trained for several years on the staff of the Oxford, Mississippi *Torpedo*). It appeared to be the bastard offspring of the linotype machine and a locomotive, and people came from all over Middle Tennessee to marvel at it.

Uncle Leonidas straightway chartered another company:

**THE IMPERIAL STEAM-POWERED
WRITING MACHINE
COMPANY**

**Leonidas Polk Remington, Prop.
St. Joseph, Tennessee**

and fixed up his new Model A flatbed with a special box that looked like a little house complete with flowers in the yard and tiffany curtains in the windows and a cat draped over the windowsill, and a housewife peeping out, waiting for her husband to come home and use the writing machine tucked away inside. In this rig Uncle Leonidas scoured the back roads of Lawrence County, wearing a collarless blue shirt and squatting on the galleries of country stores and

cabins, bringing his invention to the world.

Unfortunately, Uncle Leonidas was never able to sell a single one of his writing machines. Not only did it scare the women and children worse than the sewing machine, but it made the men nervous too, and caused so many hens to quit laying that an agricultural agent of the United States Federal Government came down with a court order for Uncle Leonidas to cease and desist. So at last Uncle Leo gave up inventing altogether and set up the typewriter in his own bedroom and began to pursue a brand-new avocation.

He became a writer.

Uncle Leonidas, tapping a heretofore undiscovered vein of talent, used his typewriter to fashion skillful letters to the editors of country newspapers, protesting things like the new Iron City municipal water tank, and lambasting the Board of Supervisors, and offering his ideas on education, law enforcement, gardening and astrology. He became so well known as a man of letters that he was once asked to participate in the Lawrence County Authors Festival at the Loretto High School, where he sat at a table next to Miss Dovey LuAnn Douglas, the Poetess Laureate of Lawrence County (and author of *Shards of Light: A Personal Journey*, a collection of her best poems from the previous forty-seven years, which have much to say not only about her personal pilgrimage but her creative development as well).

Uncle Leonidas also used the wonderful typewriter to complete, in 1928, the one novel of his career, the single work upon which his enduring fame might have been established. I used to have a copy of the manuscript but I believe it was misplaced during one of my many moves. The title was *The Sound and the Fury* and, as I recall, it was about the return of King Arthur from the Isle of Avalon, and how the King found himself suddenly materialized on the depot platform in

Sheffield, Alabama, amid a shipment of leghorn hens. I remember that the King's first speech was:

**"God's Woundes! What fowle
be these that eke
and scratch a sovereign's brisket!"**

But Uncle Leonidas never got his novel published--some other author came out with a book by the same title the very next year and of course that ruined Uncle Leo's chances.

Miss Louella was mightily relieved at Uncle Leonidas' new avocation, because it kept him so occupied and stationary that she never had to worry about what he was doing. She began to host the Browning Society and the UDC again and she even developed a fondness for the machine itself, because it kept the house warm in the wintertime and had a stove lid on it where she could keep a pot of water for tea. And the old tom-cat, "General Ruggles," liked to lie under the boiler all winter long and swipe at the steam when it leaked out the bottom.

***It is on this note
of domestic tran-
quility that I bring
the story of Uncle
Leonidas to a
close.***

Only the denouement remains to be told, and that is quickly done. Miss Louella passed away in her sleep one night, peaceful and serene, the light of heaven in her face, and about a month later the boiler of the typewriter exploded during the composition of a letter to the editor of the Lawrenceburg *Vindicator* and distributed Uncle Leonidas and "General Ruggles" over the better part of Lawrence County, Tennessee. I know that's the way Uncle Leonidas would have wanted to go--I can't say the same for the cat. ☸

BOOK REVIEW BY
DEVEREAUX D. CANNON, JR.

New York: The Free Press, 1988.
469 pages, illustrations. \$24.95.

If a student of history is asked to name any one member of Jefferson Davis' cabinet, the statesman most likely to be mentioned is Judah Philip Benjamin. Well known as the "Brains of the Confederacy," Benjamin was one of only three men the other two being Postmaster John Reagan and Navy Secretary Stephen Mallory, to hold cabinet positions throughout the war. It is interesting to note that of those three men, holding high office in what might be thought of as a "Bible Belt" Confederacy, one was a Jew and another, Mallory, a Catholic.

Benjamin's Jewishness is central to Evans' new biography, and for the first time the reader of Confederate history is offered the opportunity to learn what part Benjamin's Jewish identity played in his development as a lawyer and a statesman in the antebellum and Confederate South. Himself a Jew and a native of North Carolina, Evans is able to give the reader an insight into Benjamin that no gentile biographer could attempt. Evans, in describing the life of a Jew in the South, writes that

Southerners made the Jews different from them, apart, both a devil and a prophet figure. They admired the Jews, but they feared them too.... They loved the Jews, they hated the Jews, and neither emotion was ever far from the surface.... Whichever the Christians chose, admiration or condemnation, the Jews could not be ignored and just left alone.

Born in the British West Indies, Benjamin was reared in South Carolina at a time when it was a center of Jewish culture in America. At the beginning of the

JUDAH P. BENJAMIN:

"The Jewish Confederate"

BY ELI N. EVANS

19th century Charleston boasted the largest Jewish community in America, and 40% of America's Jews could be found in South Carolina. In 1824 the first "Reformed Society of Israelites" was formed in Charleston, and included among its founders Philip Benjamin, father of Judah.

Yet in his adulthood Judah Benjamin tried to assimilate into his non-Jewish environment. He moved to New Orleans where he married the daughter of a powerful Catholic family. He strove constantly for success, in his early years as a lawyer undertaking an exhaustive digest of Louisiana law which helped establish him in his profession. He became the disciple of John Slidell, the political "boss" of New Orleans, and in his legal practice established himself "as a persuasive advocate and eloquent speaker," a combination which eventually led him into politics. In 1852 Judah Benjamin was elected to represent Louisiana in the United States Senate, the first Jew to be elected to that body. Nine years later he would become the first Jew to hold cabinet office in the administration of an American president, as Attorney General of the Confederate States of America. During the course of his Confederate career, Benjamin would move from the Department of Justice to the War Department, and finally to the office of the Secretary of State, in which capacity he would later be described as the Confederate Henry Kissinger.

Judah Benjamin is never known to have practiced Judaism after beginning his public career. Evans indicates that Benjamin felt "discontent and anger toward Jewishness." He relates a story in which Benjamin asks his mother why she named him Judah, saying "You might well have written Jew across my

forehead." Wish as he might, however, Benjamin could never escape his heritage. In his Confederate career enemies of the Davis administration would refer to him as "Judas Iscariot Benjamin" and label him the "Jewish puppeteer" behind the "Davis tyranny". Northerner anti-Semites, on the other hand, would view Judah Benjamin's high position in Confederate councils as evidence that all Jews were disloyal to the Union, justifying General Grant's General Order No. 11 expelling all Jews from the department of Tennessee, and encouraging a Northern journalist to suggest that Southern Jews be "exterminated."

Evans' book is almost as much a biography of Jefferson Davis as it is of Judah Benjamin. Of the first five chapters, three are devoted to Benjamin, two to the future president. From that point, through the next twelve chapters leading up to the fall of the Confederacy, the book is the story of the two men, bound together as intimately in print as they were in life. Add to this picture the influence of Varina Davis on the president, and the importance she placed on Benjamin's advice, and one gets a view of Davis the man rarely seen in biographies of Davis himself.

In several passages Evans indicates that post-war Jews have been reluctant to accept Benjamin as a role model, indicating a discomfort with Benjamin's, and the Confederacy's, connection with the institution of slavery. The reticence has not been shared by all Jews, however. In his *The Jews of South Carolina*, Barnett A. Elzas wrote in 1905 that "The story of the Jews of South Carolina in the war between the States is a most glorious chapter in the annals of Jewish patriotism," and Jews can point with pride to the estimated



10,000 of their number who served in the Confederate army. In addressing the issue of slavery, Evans contributes to an area neglected in most studies of the Confederate States by devoting two chapters to Benjamin's part in the Confederate experiment with emancipation, describing in exciting detail Benjamin's speech before a crowd of 10,000 in Richmond calling for freedom for slaves who would fight for Southern independence.

There are areas in which Evans' work on Benjamin suffers. The author is evidently not a military historian, and numerous errors occur in his descriptions of military affairs, such as a reference to the fall of "Fort Donaldson" in Tennessee and an inaccurate account of the wounding of Stonewall Jackson, which may disturb some readers. One is also at times left with an impression that the South is charged with a greater degree of anti-Semitism than the North, and yet Judah Benjamin held the office of Secretary of State in the Confederate States well over one hundred years before one of his co-religionists would hold similar office under the United States.

Overall, Eli Evans has given to the students of Confederate history a well written, smooth-flowing account of one of the most important and least understood statesmen in Southern, or American, history. He has presented us with a picture of the "Jewish Confederate" as it could only be presented by another Southern Jew.

Devereaux Cannon is an attorney in Nashville, Tennessee. ☼

CRITICUS BOOKS

KEEPING THE TABLETS

Edited by William F. Buckley, Jr.
and Charles Kesler.

Harper and Row, New York, 1988.
469 pp. \$29.95

The perils inherent in compiling an anthology are many: what positions and authors to represent, which to include; what viewpoints to emphasize, which to diminish, perhaps even to deride or, worse, ignore. Many editors fail on precisely these terms: though they declare to be comprehensive, they all-too often betray a less-than-comprehensive point of view. For conservatives, Russell Kirk, author of the classic *The Conservative Mind*, remains, for all of his own clearly stated positions, the most able (and principled) practitioner of the craft of anthology: his recently published *Conservative Reader* gives fair and full hearing to every type and aspect of conservatism as a philosophical persuasion and a way of life. Dr. Kirk's work stands in sharp contrast and superiority to this new anthology, *Keeping the Tablets: Modern American Conservative Thought*, edited by William F. Buckley, Jr., and Charles Kesler. This is true primarily because of Mr. Kesler's introduction, which, while purporting to be inclusive, well strike Southerners as an attempt at The Yankeeification of Conservative Thought in America.

Unlike Kesler, for example, Kirk has always both appreciated and affirmed the contributions to American political thought of such Southerners as John Randolph, John C. Calhoun, the Southern Agrarians and Richard Weaver, and of such contemporary expositors of conservative thinking as M.E. Bradford and James McClellan, among others. This is because Kirk remembers that Southerners, moreso than other

The Yankeeification of Conservative Thought

BOOK REVIEW BY DAVID BOVINIZER

Americans and especially since 1865, have persistently clung to a traditional understanding of the nature of man and to the ancient order embodied in the original American republic and the Constitution. Kirk's work, and that of other national deliberations on the conservative impulse in America, have usually given fair hearing to Southerners and their emphasis upon the wisdom of home and hearth, an instinctual piety derived from a living communion with the Western tradition, a love of land over an enthrallment to cash, and a preference for the life well lived to the destructive dynamics of an unrestrained market economy.

William F. Buckley, Jr., has for years spoken wisely and courageously to many of these issues. That he has linked his name with Charles Kesler, his co-editor of *Keeping the Tablets: Modern American Conservative Thought* is thus both intriguing and distressing. For Kesler is the author of this new book's Introduction, and evidently to Kesler was assigned the task of choosing which essays to include, which to exclude. His performance in each endeavor is cause for concern to all conservatives, and especially Southern conservatives, who care deeply for trusteeship of the written articulations of our social, cultural, spiritual, intellectual, and political traditions.

Central to Kesler's Introduction, for example, is a deliberate if deft dismissal of the living tradition of Western--especially English--custom and law in favor of the intellectual abstractions of Thomas Jefferson and the political revolution achieved by Abraham Lincoln. Kesler insists that "the American political tradition itself" is to be found, not in the peculiar American adoption of English custom and law, but in "what Abraham Lincoln called the 'central idea' of our political tradition." That idea, according to Lincoln and Kesler, is contained in the eloquent though egregious suggestion in Jefferson's *Declaration* that "all men are created equal." Not surprisingly, there is less concern for the actual document of our federal governance, the Constitution, nor is anything to be found in

these pages reminiscent of the contrasting declaration of Virginia's John Randolph of Roanoke: "I love liberty; therefore I hate equality." Nor do these pages present any essays by M. E. Bradford, a contemporary exponent of the truly American and Southern tradition. By contrast, the leading present champion of Lincoln's revolution, and the primary opponent of Bradford's defense of the original American policy, is represented here not one but twice. I mean, of course, Kesler's mentor, Harry Jaffa.

Why is this so? Because Kesler has succumbed to the spirit of abstraction that scholars as diverse as Eric Voegelin, Richard Weaver, and Leo Strauss, and generalists as gifted as Andrew Lytle, Allen Tate, and Donald Davidson have defined as the great and terrifying temptation of our time. To the abstractionist, ideas postulated with intellectual purity may be--and must be--imposed upon a reality that is not deemed intractable of itself, but only impure to the degree that societies subscribe to (allegedly) impure practices. This did Northern folk one discern God's own truth, clad in blue, marching through, and trampling down, the Southland.

This is not to say that Southerners necessarily celebrate the mysterious incongruities and inequities inherent in the human condition. It is, rather, to insist that Southerners, as heirs of a Western tradition that holds it to be a virtue to discern unflinchingly the (sad) nature of things, affirm the goodness of reality itself, albeit that reality does not lend itself to neat national programs of, say, social, political, or economic perfection, let alone equality. Southerners are instinctively conservative precisely because of this piety toward the order inherent in creation. We may not be able to explain why things are the way they are, but we know the way things are when we see them. No Southerner possessed of historical memory ever uttered such a phrase as "Some men see things as they are and wonder, 'Why?' others dream of things as they never were and wonder, 'why not?'" That way lies madness, upheaval and endless revolution.

KEEPING THE TABLETS

Modern American Conservative Thought

A Revised Edition of

American Conservative Thought in the Twentieth Century

Edited with Introductions by
**William F. Buckley, Jr.
and Charles R. Kesler**

Ironically, it is just such a revolution that Kesler proclaims to be the proper program for conservatives: the philosophical origin of his prescription is evidenced in his emphasis on a conservatism that is both "rational" and "humanistic." Troublesome terms, those, to Southerners, who remember from way back that much of the truth of things defies "rational" statement (Miguel de Unamuno reminds conservatives that much truth is contra-rational); and "humanistic"? Nay, the Southern pref-

erence is for the humane: the two are not necessarily the same; in our time, they are usually at odds simply because an appeal to the "humanistic" is central to every social and political experiment of the Left, which deems man's temporal comfort the principal matter of life.

Practically, Kesler insists that the "conservative movement" will not be successful until it effects "a Republican realignment." And this realignment can come about, of course, only when conservatives abandon

their larger concern for the conservation of the piety and principles at the heart of our Western inheritance and fasten instead upon "the American tradition itself." That latter tradition, Kesler argues, is best embodied in...Thomas Jefferson and Abraham Lincoln. Only by abandoning their critique of mass society, and by popular appeal to "a kind of conservative populism," Kesler seems to suggest, can conservatives actually conserve anything.

Southerners have heard all of this before. It was called Reconstruction.

Kesler's perspective was perhaps inevitable in a volume that proposed to enunciate "modern" and specifically "American" conservatism. But Southerners would do well to heed the advice of the late Allen Tate: "Let ancient visions impinge the modern retina." For what we seek to conserve is older than the abstraction called America, and even more important than the political polity of these United States. This older, more urgent conservatism was given unique expression by Robert Lewis Dabney when, after Appomattox, he suggested that "to save Virginia it may be necessary to leave Virginia soil." This Southern conservatism seeks to conserve most of all a certain disposition of soul--a piety; a reverence for the past; a fidelity to learned experience rather than mere intellectualism; a devotion to the human community in all of its wonderful complexity and diversity, its laughter and sorrow; and a fierce resolve to defend not only the rights but, primarily, the responsibilities of ordered liberty: these are features of the authentic conservative tradition.

For an overview of strictly modern and American conservative thought, then, turn--with a wary eye--to this interesting if inadequate collection of essays and its disheartening introduction. But for the sake of your patrimony, turn first to Genesis and Job and St. Luke, to Marcus Aurelius and his principal Southern admirer Robert Edward Lee, to (Kesler's chiding notwithstanding) Burke, to the *Arator* of John Taylor of Caroline, to the Anti-Federalists' writings, to the speeches of Randolph and Calhoun, to Basil Gildersleeve and Henry Timrod and Sidney Lanier. In these and a host of like-minded conservators is to be found the finer anthology of our spiritual and intellectual inheritance, and thus the truer prescription for our social arrangements and our political order. ☛

CRITICUS VIDEO

Greetings From Down South

70 Minutes (VHS) \$24.95 New York:
Echo Pictures (212) 949-6079

At first, we were suspicious of a video-cassette about the South that gives a New York mailing address. We expected the usual Yankee South-bashing, perhaps a B-movie version of *Mississippi Burning*.

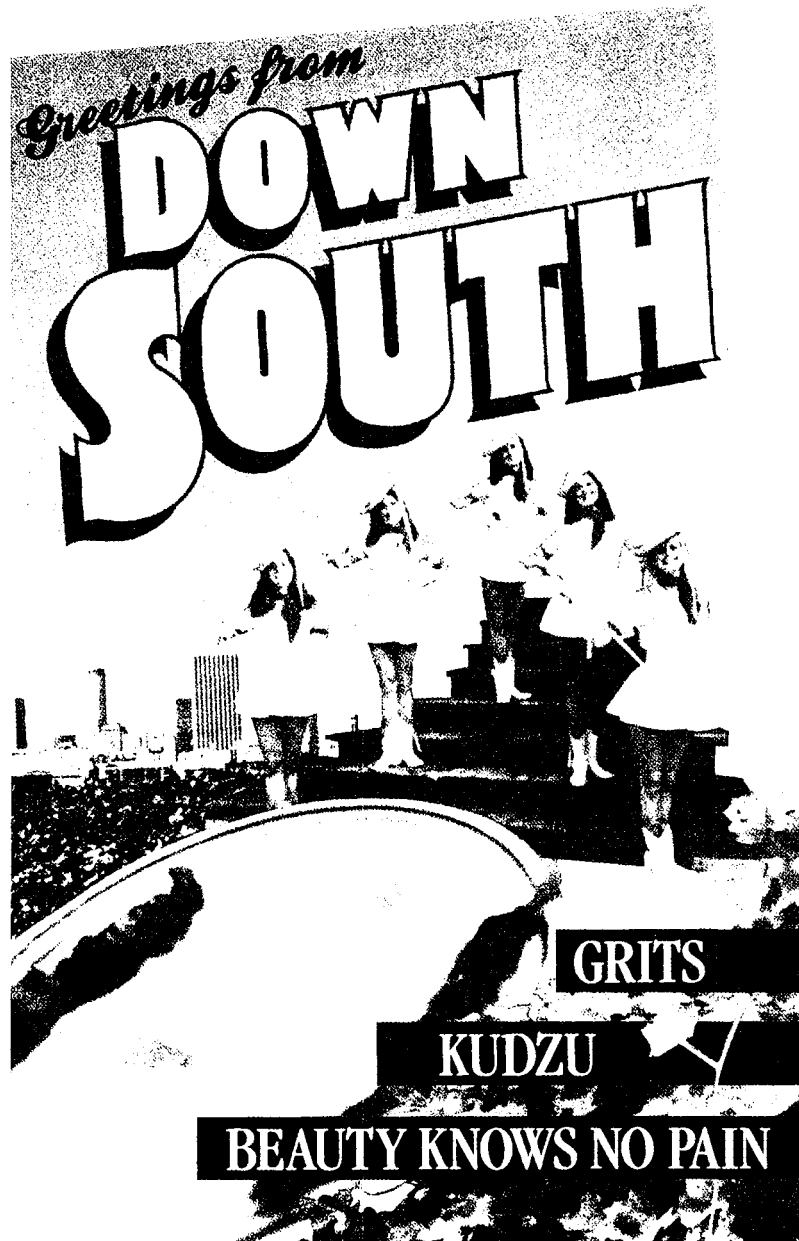
What we got was not a single movie, but *three* delightful short features about the South: *Grits*, *Kudzu*, and *Beauty Knows No Pain*.

The first, *Grits*, is the best by far. It is an ode to the most popular of Southern staples, full of facts, history, humor and good will. Parts of the 28 minute film will be humorous to Southerners only, such as the segment in which Yankees experience grits for the first time; and another segment with the camera wandering through the streets of New York searching for someone who knows what grits are (is?) Part of the film is dedicated to whether grits should be considered plural or singular.

Mississippi-born New York Times Food Editor Craig Claiborne and South Carolina Senator Strom Thurmond make brief appearances in the award winning 1981 film, directed by Stan Woodward. Brief diversions into 'possums, 'coons, mills, football, and "gritsickles" provide a colorful study of Southern culture. It is impossible to watch this film without developing an insatiable hunger for grits cooked just the way we like 'em.

Kudzu, directed by Marjorie Short, is not quite so much a loving portrait of its subject. This 1976 film features poet James Dickey and a Georgia peanut man named Jimmy who takes time out of his Presidential campaign to comment on the

THREE AWARD-WINNING, SHORT, FUNNY
FILMS ON SOUTHERN LIFE & CULTURE



infernal vine. One commentator suggests that Kudzu has been known to overtake some slow-moving Southern people. Kudzu was nominated for an Oscar for Best Live Action Short. Judging from this year's Oscars, it probably got beaten out by some anti-apartheid documentary. Unfortunately, liberal fads spread faster than Kudzu.

The oldest of the film, *Beauty Knows No Pain* was produced in 1971 by photo-journalist Elliott Erwitt who is still around (A collection of his photographs was published by Norton in late 1988.) *Beauty* traces the two-week boot camp endured

by girls at Kilgore College who dream of being Kilgore Rangerettes, the crack flag corps/dance team that performs at the Cotton Bowl each year. The 25 minute film begins with the impressions of the lady drill instructor of what it means to be a Kilgore Rangerette and ends with the emotional posting of the names of those selected.

Perhaps it is unintended, but the films appear in order of their quality and importance. ☺

—Oran P. Smith

CRITICUS BOOKS

A Review of : *Come Retribution: The Confederate Secret Service and the Assassination of Lincoln.*

By William A. Tidwell, with James O. Hall and David Winfrey Gaddy.
Jackson Mississippi: University Press of Mississippi, 1988. xv + 510pp.

This strange book has two introductions, one labeled "A Word to the Reader," and the other called "The Logic Trail." It is on these pages that the authors accuse Jefferson Davis of being responsible for the assassination of Abraham Lincoln. Very little is to be found on Davis in the remaining 458 pages of the text, so little in fact that the name of Jefferson Davis is not to be found in the index of the book.

Apparently it was the content of these two introductions that appealed to William Hanchett, the distinguished author of *The Lincoln Murder Conspiracies*, who wrote a generally favorable review of the book in *Civil War Times Illustrated*. In his review Hanchett says that this "impressive" new book argues that the accusation was justified after all, and that this contention is strengthened by the fact that the book is published by the university press of Davis' home state. What Hanchett does not realize is that the press is now headed by an unsympathetic Midwesterner brought it by Mississippi's present scalawag governor, Ray Mabus.

Let us examine Dr. Hanchett's comments carefully. First, the charge against Davis was made by Secretary of War Stanton, who lied when he said that the government had "evidence" linking Davis to the murder. There was not a shred of evidence when Stanton made his proclamation and offer of a reward of \$100,000 for the capture of Davis. All the government had obtained was oral, unsworn

A NEW WAY TO WRITE HISTORY

COME RETRIBUTION and the SLANDER OF JEFFERSON DAVIS

BY JAMES WEST THOMPSON

statements by three perjurers hired by Judge Advocate General Joseph Holt. Not one word was in writing.

Perjurer Number One was Sanford Conover, alias James Watson Wallace, whose real name was Charles A. Dunham, a young New York attorney. He in turn hired, trained, and supervised an entire string of minor perjurers who assumed false names and identities and swore to lies written out by "Conover" for them to recite. (*See the Official Records of the Union and Confederate Armies (128 volumes published by the government), Series 11, Volume VIII, pages 815-980.*)

Perjurer Number Two was Richard Montgomery (real name, James Thompson), a convicted New York robber and burglar with a lengthy criminal record. (*See Time-Life Books Series, The Civil War, the volume entitled The Assassination, page 150, also page 314 of Otto Eisenschiml's book In the Shadow of Lincoln's Death and pages 212-213 of his book Why was Lincoln Murdered?*)

Perjurer Number Three was Dr. James B. Meritt, who confessed to a committee of Congress that his statement had been fabrication for which the government had paid him \$6,000, an enormous sum in 1865. (*See pages 168 and 213-217 of the two Eisenschiml books listed above.*)

Had Dr. Hanchett read the full text of *Come Retribution*, surely he would not have written such an admiring review. Indeed, this new book is filled with flaws and slander.

The text is divided into three parts: In the first, the authors show how the Confederates developed a considerable clandestine ability. In the second, they insist that the Confederates were seriously considering the capture of Lincoln as a hostage. In the third, the authors say that the operation came to play a role in Confederate plans for the Spring campaign of 1865. Here is a sample of the

book's military analysis:

"The success of the unexpected Union flanking attack at Five Forks on 1 April 1865 forced the premature abandonment of Richmond by Confederate authorities and upset the timetable for the Confederate campaign. (Emphasis added) A week later, surrounded and frustrated in his aims, General Lee was forced to surrender the army of Northern Virginia..."

How preposterous!

The Confederates at this time were merely reacting to Grant's advances and attacks on Petersburg and Richmond, while Sherman was moving deep into North Carolina toward a juncture with Grant. The Confederates were planning no Spring campaign; they had no power to execute one--they could barely crawl, and everyone knew it, from Lee and Davis to the most isolated civilian. This absurd contention illustrates just how far off the mark the authors of *Come Retribution* really are.

Two of the authors of this book (William Tidwell and David Gaddy) spent their careers in Army Intelligence. The third, James O. Hall, is described as an "expert" on Lincoln's assassination. No where are these credentials apparent.

Writing for the *Washington Post* (Oct. 16, 1988) Tidwell admits that "Our evidence [was] largely circumstantial." He also repeats the comments about "Confederate plans for the Spring campaign of 1865." But most amazing of all, he confesses how he and his co-authors write history:

"Once we had developed our hypothesis that there was a Confederate plan to capture Lincoln, our next logical step was to look for evidence of events that might fit into such a planning sequence."

What a way to mislabel fantasy as history! It may be interesting reading, good fiction, or excellent fantasy; it may even involve original and valuable

research. But this is not history.

In his *Post* article, Tidwell repeatedly says such things as "we believe", or "it is highly unlikely", or "Davis apparently saw", or "His instruction probably", or "We assume" or "It appeared to us" or "could have", or "might have", or "appears to have," and so on almost without end. Not fact, but *conjecture*. Not proof, but *supposition*.

Taken from the text of their book, here is how the authors view Jefferson Davis: "Knowing the control he sought to maintain over military affairs and the 'imperial presidency' he represented in matters of state, we should not be surprised to see the evidence build toward a central role for Jefferson Davis in the clandestine warfare of the 1860's---and the fateful act that ended it."

This entire statement reflects ignorance of Davis and his character. Jefferson Davis appointed field commanders, assigned their missions, and left it to them to carry out those assignments. He was not, as many think, a meddler in military affairs. Nor was he an autocratic ruler in affairs of state. He constantly made concessions to local politicians and state governors, such as Georgia's Joe Brown and North Carolina's Zebulon Vance. He had to make concessions. And he never

imprisoned large numbers of civilians without trial or to be tried by unconstitutional military commissions, as did President Lincoln. "Imperial Presidency" may fit the Lincoln Administration, but not the Administration of Jefferson Davis.

Later in the text, the authors state that they decided "it seemed wise to develop the institutional context which a Confederate plan *could have* developed that *somehow* resulted in the death of President Lincoln." Now here is a real switch! After having several times claimed that Jefferson Davis was responsible for Lincoln's assassination, here we have the authors saying that a Confederate plan (not a Davis plan) *could have developed* and that it *somehow* resulted in the death of President Lincoln. Here they have gotten completely off of the fixed idea that Jefferson Davis killed Lincoln; they even express doubt that any Confederates were to blame. Clearly, they really don't know who to blame. But they quickly regain their feet and continue: "Having developed the context, we should then proceed to investigate what could be found out about Confederate plans that might have involved clandestine activity and that could be established to have existed at the time of the assassination."

The remainder of "The Logic Trail" is

devoted to a recital of all sorts of Confederate activities which the authors see as pointing toward Confederate secret operations and the climactic guilt of Jefferson Davis, no matter how unrelated or illogical. These include such diverse elements as Virginia's two-month state secret service in 1861 following secession, the development of mine warfare by the Confederate navy, the army secret service, the Confederate Signal Corps, the operations of Colonel John S. Mosby, the Confederate plans to attempt to free the prisoners at Point Lookout, Maryland, Jubal Early's attempt to capture Washington, and the St. Albans Raid. Every meeting of the Confederate leaders to discuss their desperate situation is looked upon with dark suspicion.

The authors did a creditable job of researching the Confederate secret services, and had

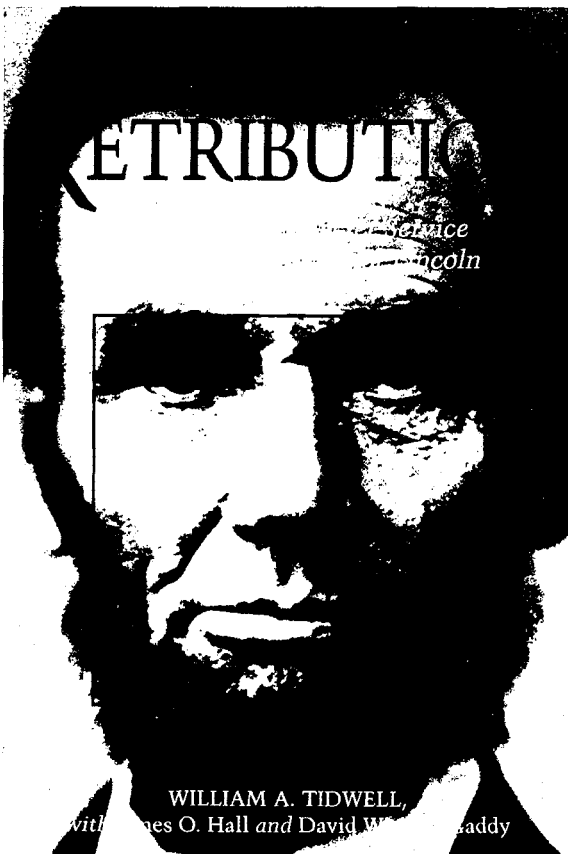
they stuck to a presentation of the facts uncovered, they would have written a valuable book. It would have been better had they researched the Union secret service to learn what it knew about the Confederate secret services. There is little said about the notorious Gen. Lafayette C. Baker and his union secret service. The authors do mention the Dahlgren-Kilpatrick Raid against Richmond, one purpose of which was to murder Jefferson Davis and his cabinet in early 1864, but this is mentioned only because it is suggested as a reason for retaliation against Lincoln. This book could have been a substantial addition to history, based on its research, but unfortunately the central themes of the effort are to besmirch Jefferson Davis and to impress the reader with the authors' mastery of military intelligence. Neither purpose will be achieved.

Clearly, the authors always shroud their accusations against Davis with carefully worded conditions and qualifications. To the casual reader, the authors seem to be accusing Davis of greater blame in these matters than a careful reading of these words will support. This is a rather ugly way of prejudicing readers against Davis and still being able to say, if their hand is called, "Oh, we didn't actually say that!"

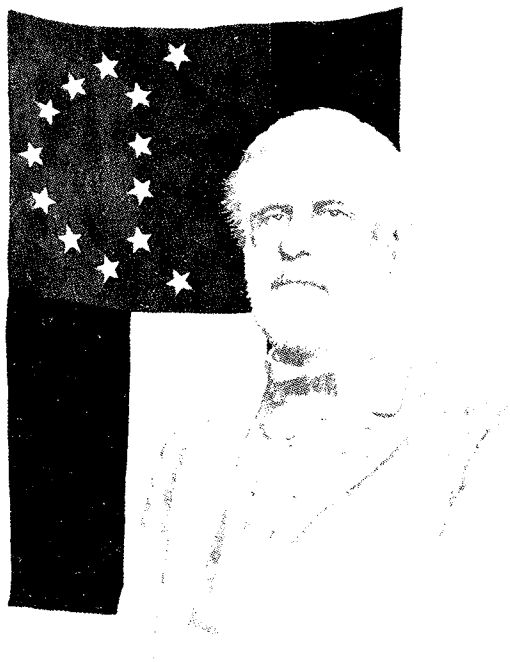
Historians will not be misled by the tricks of scholarship or the fanciful imaginings the authors palm off in the name of history. The character of Jefferson Davis is too firmly established for the slander to stick.

Even Thaddeus Stevens, who hated Davis, knew better. After being shown the "evidence" upon which Stanton had issued his proclamation, Stevens said: "Those men are no friends of mine...But I know these men, sir. They are gentlemen and incapable of being assassins." He knew more over a century ago than these authors do today, after all their research. How ironic that the Yankee radical Thaddeus Stevens had a better understanding of Jefferson Davis than the University Press of Mississippi; and how sad that a press run by the home state of President Davis would stoop to print such a slander against an honorable man whose standards it can never comprehend.

James West Thompson of Jackson, Mississippi is the immediate past Historian-In-Chief of the Sons of Confederate Veterans. ☼



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BOOK NOTES

***NORTH BY SOUTH: THE TWO LIVES OF RICHARD JAMES ARNOLD.* By Charles and Tess Hoffman. 318 pp. University of Georgia Press. \$29.95.**

He was a man caught between two cultures. He was a Southern rice planter, living on a palatial plantation overlooking Georgia's Ogeechee River; and a New England businessman, made rich by manufacturing and shipping. His name was Richard Arnold and he led both lives, straddling cultures in conflict on the eve of the War for Southern Independence. His story is told by historians Charles and Tess Hoffman with insight and balance, based on sound scholarship and original research.

Frederick Law Olmsted visited Arnold's Georgia plantation in 1853, interviewed Arnold, studied his operations and declared his plantation to be "a model of what slavery should be in America -- a benevolent, patriarchal, civilizing institution." Perhaps the slaves would have disagreed with Olmsted's observation, but they no doubt benefited from Arnold's desire to be the "perfect master." Arnold went to great trouble and expense to keep his slave families intact and to purchase his slaves' relatives as often as possible. He was concerned about their health and their salvation, and -- as his personal journals reflect -- took steps to provide for both. Undoubtedly, not all slaveowners were like Richard Arnold, but neither was all the stuff of *Uncle Tom's Cabin*.

Nor were most Northerners abolitionists. Indeed, Arnold found most of his Rhode Island neighbors indifferent to

slavery and the status of black Americans -- until the eve of the war, when controversy erupted over slavery, abolitionism, secession and sectional strife. Richard Arnold had enjoyed the benefits of both cultures -- Southern and Northern -- but eventually, as war began, he had to choose -- and the Georgia slaveowner chose the Union. Like many families, his was divided by the war: he and his wife and daughters moved to their Rhode Island home for the duration, while his two sons stayed on the plantation and fought for the Confederacy.

Arnold's story, told in a scholarly but readable style, personifies much of the struggle that separated North and South, yet shatters numerous antebellum myths. He was a slaveowner who treated his slaves with respect and concern. He was a New England businessman who loved the South. He was a Southerner who opposed secession in favor of the Union. Unlike the oversimplistic, often inaccurate portrayals of popular culture -- *Roots*, *North and South*, *Uncle Tom's Cabin*, *Gone With the Wind* -- the factual evidence of Richard Arnold's life reveals the complex issues and allegiances which became principal factors in the causation of America's bloodiest war.

Historians Charles and Tess Hoffman, college professors in Rhode Island, have produced a work of lasting value.

--Rod Gragg

PERIODICAL PRESS: THE ANTI-CHRISTIAN BIAS OF THE AMERICAN NEWS MEDIA.

By Marvin Olasky. 246 pp. Crossway Books.

Imagine the *New York Times* publishing editorials based on the historical Judeo-Christian worldview of the Bible, and calling abortion "The Evil of the Age." Inconceivable? Perhaps so, given the liberal editorial bent of the paper today, but a century ago the *New York Times* trumpeted that position on its editorial pages. That's the story as revealed in this unique new book by Southern journalist Dr. Marvin Olasky, a professor of journalism at the University of Texas.

Like most publications and most Americans of the 19th century, the *New York Times* held to the traditions of

Western Civilization, including and especially its foundation, the Judeo-Christian worldview. Today, like most other American professions -- education, medicine, government, popular culture -- journalism has exchanged that historic world view for a new, self-destructive perspective popularly known as humanism. So far has American journalism fled from its original Judeo-Christian philosophy that today the industry consistently reflects an increasingly aggressive anti-Christian bias.

That's the central observation of Dr. Olasky's penetrating *Periodical Press*, which develops the theme in detail. His scholarly, well-documented approach will probably confirm what many laymen -- and some journalists -- have been saying with increasing concern in recent years. Examples of the anti-Christian bias of today's news media? The author provides numerous examples, including the following: "Newspaper readers must remember that specific, descriptive detail is the guts of journalism. Reporters quickly learn how to load stories not by distinguishing explicitly their perceived good guys and bad guys, but through the use of evocative descriptives.

"For example, when Tennessee parents in 1986 protested the teaching of anti-Christian doctrines to their children in public schools, reporters for *Time*, *Newsweek*, and major newspapers did not say, 'We think the parents are nutty.' Instead, they reported that the parents were objecting to the reading of *Goldilocks and the Three Bears*, *Cinderella*, *The Wizard of Oz*, *Jack and Jill*, and so on. In actuality, the parents were objecting to stories that preach the acceptability of lying, stealing, cheating, and disobeying parents, preach that motherhood is an inferior activity, and so on. The parents also objected to children being instructed in the writing of witchcraft incantations or the use of New Age meditational exercises.

"*Newsweek* mentioned none of this, but padded its story with description of how the school board's lawyer 'spread his hands in exasperation,' because the Christian parents apparently were impossible to please. Then the magazine added a bit of local color in the form of an ersatz public opinion poll: 'Customers at The Ivory Thimble needlework shop in nearby

Church Hills thought the parents were making 'mountains out of molehills.' Reporters often use such unnamed sources to indicate their own impressions."

Such is the stuff of Texan Marvin Olasky's important survey of the American news media. But don't wait for this book to receive a favorable review -- or any review -- in the *New York Times*. In fact, sad as it is to admit, don't wait for a favorable review in just about any small-town Southern daily newspaper these days. The national disease is humanism and it has infected the South as well. However, the long-gone publishers of the South's great newspapers -- and the 19th century editors of the *New York Times* -- would no doubt applaud this Southern journalist's candid appraisal of his own industry. Will American journalism respond favorably to his call to return to the foundational canon of American journalism? Maybe -- at the climax of another Great Awakening -- but most likely the call will be ignored at least until the Millennium.

--RG

THE ILLUSTRATED CONFEDERATE READER. Edited by Rod Gragg. 291 pp. Harper Row. \$27.50.

Although *The Illustrated Confederate Reader* comes with a handsome dust cover, it is not a necessary part of the book. Editor Rod Gragg has produced a work of such calibre that it should gather no dust. The book's format is simple and effective. Gragg uses a captivating selection of excerpts from letters, diaries, and personal remembrances of Southern soldiers and noncombatants to try to explain what life was like during The War.

A good range of topics are covered in chapters dealing with the lives of soldiers at camp, in battle, and in northern prisons, the thoughts and doings of those at home, and the trials of those living in the destructive path of "Sherman's March." Preceding each selection is a short introduction giving background information on the subject to be covered. A chapter on Confederate heroes and leaders is also included.

Complimenting the text, well over one hundred photographs and drawings are used to highlight the stories. Careful

attention was made to match the illustrations to the entries and the combination works remarkably well. The collection of photos is impressive in itself. Rather than relying solely on familiar scenes from the National Archives and the Library of Congress, Gragg also draws from private collections, museums, and lesser known repositories. A number of photos are published here for the first time.

The brevity of the selections makes it very hard to put this book down. Each story is as fascinating as the one before and there always seems to be time to read one more. From the opening pages showing photos of proud young men ready to defend their cause, to the final chapter with post war scenes of aging veterans, the *Confederate Reader* is a thoroughly entertaining work.

--James David Altman

HOW TO LOVE YANKEES WITH A CLEAR CONSCIENCE. By Bo Whaley. 160 pp. Rutledge Hill Press (Nashville), 1988. \$5.95

At first blush, Bo Whaley's latest effort looks like an attempt to tell Southerners how Yankees aren't all that bad. But one need not read any further than page 14 to find that he is more of a *apologizer* than *apologist*: "In my early childhood in deep South Georgia I well remember that there were a few scattered Yankees around, but they were considered in the same light as illegitimate babies and ex-husbands: while you knew they were around, you just sort of ignored 'em... they were harmless, as long as their number remained small. A little obnoxious and pushy, yes, but not really a threat to the Southern life-style."

Because of his fifteen year tenure in the North while working for the FBI, and over forty years in the South (Dublin, Georgia to be exact) Whaley feels that he has a unique perspective.

In one chapter, he lists a number of "do's and don'ts" for Southerners visiting the North: "DO stand for a while on any street corner in Manhattan and ponder. This is when you will give thanks for the privilege of living in East Texas, North Alabama or South Georgia." Another "DO": "Buy a round trip ticket."

He also suggests that if required to

How to Love Yankees

With a Clear Conscience



BO WHALEY

move up North, that Southerners spend some time in Atlanta to prepare themselves: "...walk up and down Peachtree Street at a fast pace; look straight ahead and don't speak to nobody...develop a far away look in your eyes...roll up a newspaper and stick it under your arm...try to look important and intelligent."

He also includes some insights for Northerners moving to the South. He tells them not to worry about mastering the language if they move to Atlanta, because they will "go for months and never hear a Southern accent", "DON'TS" for Yankees include wearing pinkie rings and using credit cards "indiscriminately".

But of all the material in the book, *Southern Partisan* readers will appreciate most the "gems of wisdom" included in the chapter entitled "Wisdom in the Country Store": "Never order barbecue in a restaurant that serves anything else...Never turn your back on a man wearing an earring, Never trust a man who don't stand up when Dixie is being played...Never pass up an opportunity to praise the South."

Whaley repeats himself a bit and doesn't know how to spell Dillon, South Carolina, but other than that, it looks like the author of *Rednecks and other Bonafide Americans* has another hit. ☺

--Oran P. Smith

R O D G R A G G

THE SMOKE S NEVER CLEARS

Lifeline of the Confederacy: Blockade Running During the Civil War.

By Stephen R. Wise.
University of South Carolina Press. 403 pp.
\$24.95.

Sixty percent of the Confederacy's arms were supplied by blockade runners, along with most of the South's powder, most of its cloth and leather, much of its medicine and much of the "Nassau pork" which fed Johnny Reb in the field. The Confederacy held on for four years thanks in large part to those sleek, fast, camouflaged ships of the night that slipped past the Federal blockade with life-sustaining cargoes.

Federal authorities understood this, which is why they waged war against Southern ports and shipping. Although the importance of blockade running is familiar to students of the war, the subject has never received the amount of attention paid to the war's great land campaigns. Now comes a new history which goes a long way toward rectifying that oversight -- *Lifeline of the Confederacy* by historian Stephen Wise. From the easy passage of the first blockade runners to the climactic fall of Fort Fisher and the closing of Wilmington, the South's last major port, Wise chronicles the remarkable story of the blockade runners and the war to stop them. The book offers a definitive, authoritative history of blockade running and is amply illustrated with numerous maps, photographs, diagrams and charts. A remarkable series of appendices lists hundreds of voyages made by blockade runners and provides a mini-encyclopedia

of all the ships known to be involved in blockade running -- an incredible feat of research. Historian Wise has made a major contribution to the historiography of the war and the history of the South.

Two Great Rebel Armies.

By Richard McMurry.
204 pp. University of North Carolina Press.
\$19.95.

Of the two dozen or so armies fielded by the Confederacy, the two largest, most important and most famous were the Army of Northern Virginia and the Army of Tennessee. Both are profiled and compared in this intriguing new work by historian Richard McMurry, a professor of history at N.C. State and author of *John Bell Hood and the War for Southern Independence*. An expert on the war, McMurry notes the differences in the two armies: The Army of Northern Virginia was successful in many crucial battles and became famous; the Army of Tennessee lost most of its battles and was largely ignored until our day. It's a fascinating comparison, and McMurry does it well. Along the way he summarizes, then dismisses, most of the Robert E. Lee critiques put forth in recent years by the prolific historian Tom Connelly. One controversial conclusion by McMurry: Lee's army was indeed the better one, and Lee was right to view Virginia as the primary theater of war.

Landscapes of Battle.

By David Muench and Michael B. Ballard.
141 pp. University Press of Mississippi.

Distant Thunder.

By Sam Abell and Brian C. Pohanka.
136 pp. Thomasson-Grant.

The recent historiography of the War Between the States is peppered with coffee table books -- most of which should

have been left unpublished. Here are two fresh contributions to the genre which should please any student of the war, especially those with an interest in battlefield sites and good photography. Both are oversize hardbacks; both contain excellent contemporary photography of today's sites; and both contain relevant, knowledgeable--and brief--narratives. *Landscapes of Battle* follows most of the principal campaigns and has a meatier text, *Distant Thunder* contains more period photography, much re-enactment photography and, barely, is the more artistic of the two in a very close call. Both are worthy photographic studies of historical sites and each exudes the "feel" of the war in memorable images.

Classics of Naval Literature: Two Years on the Alabama.

By Arthur Sinclair.
336 pp. Naval Institute Press. \$23.95.

Here, happily, is a handsome reprint of the 1895 account of the C.S.S. *Alabama* by Arthur Sinclair. From the commissioning of the famous raider in 1862 to the ship's sinking off Cherbourg in 1864, Sinclair charted the story of the *Alabama* in an enduring firsthand account. Although originally somewhat controversial because of its criticism of Raphael Semmes, *Two Years on the Alabama* has long been considered a principal source in *Alabama* literature. Read it today and the war's most dramatic naval odyssey again emerges in colorful detail. Naval historian William Stell, Jr., author and editor of numerous works on the war at sea, provides a relevant, knowledgeable introduction. *Two Years on the Alabama* is indeed a classic of naval literature and the U.S. Naval Institute Press should be commended for reprinting this "lively portrait of the Confederate ship that almost singlehandedly swept the Union's merchant marine from the sea." ☛

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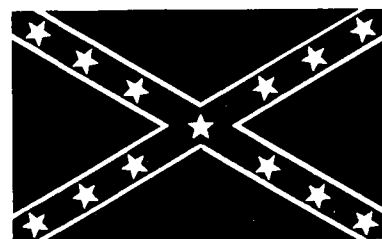
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THE LAST WORD

REID BUCKLEY

Lessons in Democracy from Moscow

The elections that took place throughout the Soviet Union on Easter Sunday constitute not only cause for rejoicing; a leaf from the new Soviet book just might help restore democratic representation in the United States.

In Moscow, burly Boris N. Yeltsin, the disgraced maverick, stunningly defeated his establishmentarian opponent for a seat in the new national congress, amassing a majority of 89 percent over Yevgeny A. Brakov, director of the Zil limousine factory.

That alone is significant. The maker of the Soviet Union's limousines, built for the pomp and pleasure of party hacks, was repudiated by the populace. Here it is liberals who cruise in limousines; in Moscow, it is Leninist reactionaries.

The list of the mighty humiliated is glorious. Defeated for the Congress were Moscow's mayor and second ranking Communist official. Defeated also were regional Communist Party chiefs Yuri F. Solovyev, of Leningrad, a nonvoting member of the Politburo; Konstantin L. Masik, of Kiev, the Soviet Union's third largest city; Yakov P. Pogrenbnyak, of Lvov, a city in the Western Ukraine; and

Vadim I. Zorkaltsev, of Tomsk, in frigid Siberia. Valentin A. Zgursky, mayor of Kiev, bit the dust. So did General Boris V. Snetkov, Commander of Soviet Forces in East Germany. The military commanders of Moscow, Leningrad, and of the Northern Fleet all also lost to civilian challengers. The President of Lithuania, Vytautas Astrauskas, went down, and with him Vytautas Sakalauskas, Premier of Lithuania.

As stunning as the losers were the victors: not only Boris Yeltsin, who poses as a super perestroikian, but also Telman Gdlyan, a national prosecutor famous for his campaigns against corruption in high places and organized crime; Yuri D. Chernichenko, described as a "crusading journalist," who faces a runoff election against Fennadi K. Ahin, a political scientist; and economists Aleksei M. Yemelyanov and Oleg T. Bogomolov, who want more rapid progress toward free markets.

Yes, the hand of Mikhail Gorbachev has been strengthened, but the results are not so simple as an endorsement of his policies. It was he who chastened Boris Yeltsin for going too far, casting him into the outer darkness of the official Communist world. And Mr. Gorbachev doubtlessly is not entirely pleased that the Lithuanian nationalist movement, Sajudis (SAH-you-dis), swept 32 of the Baltic province's 42 seats, with eight others forced into runoffs.

Oh, it was a most glorious Day of Resurrection, the freest elections to be held in Russia since 1917, resulting clearly in a repudiation of oldtime Bolshevism, if not so clearly of Marxist-Leninism. Nevertheless, euphoria is out of place. The long-suffering peoples of the Soviet Union are not suddenly liberated. Defeated candidates for the Congress were not toppled from their current positions of power. The mayors of Moscow and Kiev continue in office. Estonia's defeated KGB chief continues in control of terror. The Constitutional amendments under which the elections were held are four months old only. How long will they last? Out of 2,250 places in the new Congress, 750 are reserved for Communist Party officials, 33.33 percent. And as *NYTimes* points out,

"the party will have another opportunity to filter out potential opponents when its 2,250 members pick 542 of themselves for a standing legislature, where most of the lawmaking is to take place.

Caveats of this nature aside, including that the Politburo and Mr. Gorbachev have no intention of permitting democracy so to go to the Russian populace's heads that they lose their own, we can ourselves learn from the Soviet experiment.

Democracy in this country suffers under its own Politburo. This is known as the House of Representatives. Conceived by our Founding Fathers as the body most representative of the People, it is ironically there, in the lower chamber, for whose seats elections are ritualistically held every two years, that our democracy has become a sham.

Can you imagine turning out Speaker of the House Jim Wright, or House Majority Leader Thomas S. Foley, or even that fellow traveler who might feel more at home with the old fogies of the Politburo, George W. Crockett, Jr., of New York? Not on your life. No matter how squamous and scabrous so many of them are. This past election year, 99% of our Congressmen were returned to office. Democrats, who have a throttlehold in state legislatures as well as on the Hill, have gerrymandered competition for their seats into oblivion. They are almost all rotten boroughs. Clear majorities of the American people have voted a Republican president five of the past six go-rounds, recently by landslide, yet the House remains under Democratic thrall, in defiance of the People's will.

Maybe we too need a Constitutional amendment: either to halve the number of Representatives (currently 435), which would oblige them to reflect a broader constituency, or to adopt a system analogous to the Soviet Union's. That is, create a congressional pool of, say, 2,080 popularly elected candidates from which a manageable 208 Congressmen are chosen by vote of their broadly elected peers. Maybe we should invite Mikhail Gorbachev to Yale or Harvard for a series of lectures on constitutional government? ☛

COMING IN OUR NEXT ISSUE

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